

COUNTRY LIFE

VOL. LXVIII.—No. 1746.

SATURDAY, JULY 5th, 1930.

PRICE ONE SHILLING.
[POSTAGES: INLAND 2½d., CANADA 1½d., ABROAD 5d.]



T.I.H. PRINCE AND PRINCESS TAKAMATSU OF JAPAN.

COUNTRY LIFE

THE JOURNAL FOR ALL INTERESTED IN COUNTRY LIFE AND COUNTRY PURSUITS

OFFICES: 20, TAVISTOCK STREET, COVENT GARDEN, W.C.2.

Telegrams: "COUNTRY LIFE," LONDON; Tele. No.: TEMPLE BAR 7351.

Advertisements: 8-11, SOUTHAMPTON STREET, W.C.2.; Tele. No.: TEMPLE BAR 7760.

CONTENTS

	PAGE
OUR FRONTISPICE: T.I.H. PRINCE AND PRINCESS TAKAMATSU OF JAPAN	1, 2
THE VALUE OF WORKS OF ART. (Leader)	2
COUNTRY NOTES	3
TO A SKYLARK	3
FEU DE SE, by Margaret Brisbane	4
SOARING FLIGHT, by Oliver Stewart	5
THE INTERNATIONAL HORSE SHOW, by Lieut.-Colonel M. F. McTaggart	6
THE BLACK-FACED SHEEP	8
GREAT LANDSCAPES, by Christopher Hussey	9
THE VILLA FRERE GARDENS, by Lady Congreve	12
WIMBLEDON: FIRST WEEK, by Godfrey Winn	18
WHAT MIGHT HAVE HAPPENED, by Bernard Darwin	19
MILTON, LOST OR REGAINED? by V. H. Friedlaender; OTHER REVIEWS	20
AN EIGHT IN BRONZE, by Christopher Hussey	21
THE THEATRE: IN CYNARA'S FASHION, by George Warrington	22
CORRESPONDENCE	23
"Thoughts at Olympia" (Lieut.-Colonel M. F. McTaggart); Siesta (Hubert Armstrong); A House Identified (C. H. Healey); Nasturtiums and Greenfly (Dr. Walter E. Collinge); The Birthplace of Anne Boleyn (Cecil F. Gurney); "A Giant Rubber Tree" (J. S. M. Rennie); A Victor at Delhi (L. Gaekwar); "Hard Things Are Compassed Oft by Easy Means" (F. Dalrymple Hamilton); The Sincerest Flattery; A Gipsy Festival in France (C. Delius); "The Heron at Home" (Clifford W. Greatorex).	25
A CROWDED WEEK'S RACING	25
THE ESTATE MARKET	25
A LIGHT CITY BUILDING	26
HAROLD YOUNGMAN'S WOOD STATUES, by Claire Gaudet	28
THE AUTOMOBILE WORLD	xlviii
THE TRAVELLER: VIENNA AND MARIA THERESA	lii
TRAVEL NOTES	liv
FISHING IN NEW ZEALAND	lvi
ICELAND POPPIES	29
THE LADIES' FIELD	lx
Net and Lamé Form a Perfect Alliance; The July Harvest, by Kathleen M. Barrow.	
THE JUDICIOUS EPICURE, by X. Marcel Boulestin	lxiv
"COUNTRY LIFE" CROSSWORD NO. 23	lxiv

EDITORIAL NOTICE

The Editor will be glad to consider any MSS., photographs and sketches submitted to him, if accompanied by stamped addressed envelope for return, if unsuitable.

COUNTRY LIFE undertakes no responsibility for loss or injury to such MSS., photographs or sketches, and only publication in COUNTRY LIFE can be taken as evidence of acceptance.

The Value of Works of Art

ONE of the most remarkable phenomena of recent years has been the enormous increase in the cash value of works of art, which it is not easy to parallel with an increase in the appreciation of their aesthetic values. There is no doubt that a far greater number of people appreciate art to-day than did, say, a century ago. The population of America, north and south, has come into being, with an ever-increasing enjoyment of the art of Europe. The aesthetic appreciation of art is wider in scope and more sensitive than a century ago. Moreover, the perfection of colour-reproduction and photography facilitates the reproduction of pictures which, by the very fact that they are the originals of copies familiar in every home, become the objects of an emotional veneration independent of their aesthetic content. But, when all is said on this side, we are still left gasping at the prices fetched by the works of important masters. It is not so much that people are prepared to give all that money for a piece of canvas which astonishes us. Rather we are awed by the value in cash of our own powers of appreciation. We stand before some famous picture for perhaps two minutes: it

moves us, possibly very deeply. We carry away a memory of ideal balance and a sense of uplifted being. Then we hear that £150,000 has been paid for those sensations. Frankly, we are incredulous that the reactions of certain nerves should be so valuable. They are not. Other, more practical, factors have produced that price: competition, the belief in the appreciation of the value, ostentation—a score of very human feelings. Still, the fact remains that if we desire to keep certain great works in this country, we must be prepared to find a vast sum of money.

At the annual meeting of the National Art Collections Fund it was announced that the membership had risen to 14,000 and that already £10,000 had accrued to the Fund from the Italian Exhibition. Healthy as these figures are, they are yet far below those that several American galleries have at their command, and look sadly inadequate when set beside the prices fetched by great works of art nowadays. Twenty-two thousand pounds are still needed to secure the Bedford Book of Hours for the nation. By the generosity of Mr. Pierpont Morgan, this supreme English manuscript can be kept in this country if the nation is prepared to shoulder the cost. But, as Sir Austen Chamberlain pointed out, taxation is bringing increasing numbers of important works into the market and simultaneously reducing the nation's capacity for keeping them at home, unless the community realises that, if it wants pictures, it must now pay for them itself. But does it want pictures? The phenomenal attendance at Burlington House this winter has been attributed to the burgeoning of a latent passion for art in the populace. We are inclined to think, on the contrary, that what really aroused public curiosity was the fabulous sum of money that the pictures were said, in the papers, to be worth. The attendances at the National Gallery might be enormously increased if the probable value of some of the contents was widely advertised. In conversation recently Sir Joseph Duveen expressed the opinion that Van Eyck's "Arnolfini and His Wife" would most likely fetch the highest price if sold—£250,000, with Raphael's "Ansidei Madonna" second at £150,000. But that would be quite enough to fetch the public.

There is a suggestion that we should like to make to the National Art Collections Fund, which, if adopted, should increase both its membership and popularity. It already arranges visits to important private collections on particular days, which are enormously appreciated by its members. We believe that this practice could be extended in a different way to people not necessarily members by the Fund arranging with owners of important houses to have them open to the public, in the same way that gardens are opened for the benefit of the Queen Alexandra Nursing Fund, but with a higher charge for admission—5s. or 10s. per person, the amount of which would be given to the Fund. The privilege would be enthusiastically received, and would enable owners not only to benefit the Fund, but to say with truth that they are private custodians of national museums, which may one day put them in a stronger position with the Commissioners of Inland Revenue. The number of houses regularly accessible to the public is infinitesimal compared with the quantity of beautiful homes which their owners would gladly open to persons capable of appreciating them.

Whatever body undertook the organisation of a scheme such as this would be conferring a great pleasure on a deserving section of the public and a service to owners of beautiful things in enabling them to be more widely appreciated. Whether the National Art Collections Fund has the staff requisite for such a scheme is doubtful. But we make the suggestion for consideration.

Our Frontispiece

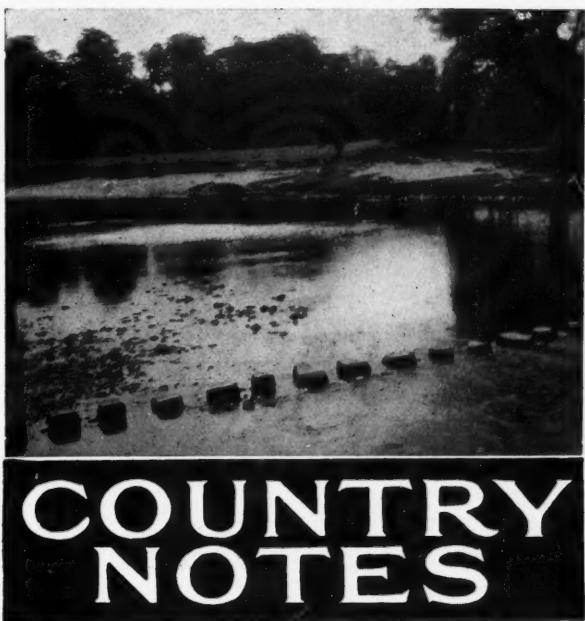
OUR frontispiece is a portrait of Prince and Princess Takamatsu of Japan, taken just before their Imperial Highnesses left for Europe.

*** It is particularly requested that no permission to photograph houses, gardens or livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted, except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper.

July 5th, 1930.

COUNTRY LIFE.

3



COUNTRY NOTES

THE PRINCE OF WALES was particularly happy in the quotations from Hakluyt which he introduced into his opening speech at the Conference of the United Kingdom Pilots' Association. For the modern voyager the dropping or taking on board of the pilot is a symbolic action connected with the leaving or returning home. In Hakluyt's day the British pilot's work lay much farther off, for he had his headquarters at Seville and took the ship right out to the West Indies and back; he was, in short, as the Prince said, the navigation officer of the ship on voyages that lasted several months. To-day we hear of the alarming "viva" which young gentlemen who aspire to be midshipmen have to endure from a body of admirals. The aspiring pilot of the sixteenth century underwent a similar ordeal at the hands of the Master Pilot and his satellites. He was asked "the rules of the Sunne and the North Starre," and these, perhaps, he could successfully "cram"; but he was further posed with such problems as "If a pirate should take him and leave him destitute of his chart and his instruments, what course he would take in that extremity." He must have been glad when he got out of the Master Pilot's presence.

ON Monday, after sixteen years, the Great War as an affair in which soldiers are concerned came to its final end, when the French and Belgian flags were lowered before the officers of the Rhineland High Commission at Mainz. The years since the Armistice have been weary years of waiting for one nation at least, and even her late opponents cannot but rejoice that the Occupation, with its latent possibilities of bitterness and misunderstanding, is over once for all. There is another side to the picture, however. That smiling and fertile country through which flows the most majestic of European rivers has a power to touch the hearts not only of the people that was cradled on its banks, but of strangers from other lands as well. The Rhinelanders are for the most part an amiable and attractive race, and during the eleven years since the Peace was signed many Frenchmen, many Belgians and many Englishmen have carried away memories which will for the future modify their views profoundly of the problems which divide the Western nations. "Domheim Days" are long over now and the lighter and more pleasant period that followed in the Taunus is past, but thousands of British soldiers will always look back to the happy life they spent among a not unkindly people. For them, at any rate, in the words of Heine, *es ist eine alte Geschichte*, and they pray that it may never again be *alles neu vorbei*. For all time, let us hope, peace has descended on those battlements of Europe.

Von oben es glänzt und es dunkelt
Und ruhig fliesst der Rhein.

ALTHOUGH we in this country like to consider ourselves the originators of Parliamentary Government, it is Iceland which claims to possess the oldest legislative assembly in the world. The millenary celebrations which the Icelanders held last week were to commemorate the establishment in 1030 of the Althing, or parliament, in its original open-air assembly hall on the plain of Thingvellir. A State visit was paid to the island by the King and Queen of Denmark, who, since the Act of Union of 1918, are also King and Queen of Iceland in double sovereignty. Their Majesties drove from Reykjavik, the capital, to Thingvellir, and there a concourse of 27,000 people had gathered under canvas for two days. The scene, in a country so famous for its sagas, must have had something of an epic quality—the King with his myrmidons encamped on the open plain. To this assembly Great Britain sent two envoys to represent the House of Lords and the House of Commons. Lord Newton and Mr. Rhys Davies, who were conveyed to Iceland in H.M.S. Rodney, took with them tokens of good will from the fishermen of the North Sea to their fellows in Iceland. On the high seas the fishing folk of both nations are often called upon to come to each other's rescue or lend assistance in time of emergency. The gift from the English trawling fleet will make stronger these ties of comradeship, the existence of which we landlubbers seldom realise, who know of Iceland only as the home of those deep depressions which figure so largely in our weather reports.

TO A SKYLARK.

But why
waste that on the sky;
all that long
delicious song
like a rainbow calling;
each note a star falling
in jewelled rain?
Why sing in vain
to the vacuous air
up there,
when there are heathered hills
and dancing daffodils
whose bells would ring the strain
of your gold notes again
by laughing water,
or by lichenized tor?

O tell
me your secret spell
that can charm
the silver-warm
days of hay-scented summer.
Teach me, a poor mummer,
a scribbler of rhyme,
all the sublime
echoes that ring
in the song you sing.
For now I cannot choose . . .
I have but words to use
that in jumbled throngs
stumble about my songs,
while that scarce-whispered note
from your throat
is more lovely than the day.
Teach me, strange bird, the way,
that I may write my song anew,

A. R. U.

TO most of us who think in terms of our youth the mere mention of the "wines of France," even in the headline of a daily newspaper, brings back at least some fleeting thought of beaded bubbles winking at the brim, and purple-stained mouth—of dance, Provençal song and sunburnt mirth. There is, however, very little song or sunburnt mirth among the wine growers of Provence to-day. The growers of Narbonne have sung only songs of lamentation in these latter years, and now the growers of Bordeaux have followed suit with no uncertain voice. They complain to-day—astonishing thought to those who find it impossible to buy a good bottle of claret at any reasonable price—that there is too much wine. Foreign markets have been lost,

the hybrid vines of post-phylloxera days give too great a yield, and dishonest vintners have put the wine lovers nose out of joint by too frequent a resort to Algeria and the water-barrel. How is this depressing state of things to be remedied before it is too late and one of the stable industries of France decays? The most popular proposal the Government Committee could find was one to double the soldiers' wine ration and to increase the ration of wine in schools. This will sound shocking to our temperance advocates, but it must be borne in mind that wine in moderation is the healthiest of all beverages and that the French are the most moderate of peoples.

IT is sad news that The Friars at Aylesford, one of the most charming country houses in Kent, has been virtually destroyed by fire. Mr. and Mrs. Copley Hewitt, who for many years have rented the house from the Earl of Aylesford, were roused by an alarm in the early hours of Monday morning. The fire had already gained a considerable footing and it was only with difficulty that the family and servants were all brought to safety. By the time the fire brigades succeeded in getting the flames under control the greater part of the house was in ruins, and only a small portion of the valuable collection of pictures, furniture and plate was saved. Readers of COUNTRY LIFE will remember the illustrated articles on The Friars which were written by Sir Martin Conway seven years ago. With its picturesque gate-house, its courtyard, its old grey walls and mellow brown-tiled roofs, the house, in its quiet setting beside the Medway, satisfied one's most romantic conceptions of an old English country home. Fires such as these, from the danger of which no country house is exempt, are almost bound to produce a hopeless feeling of defencelessness. We take this opportunity, however, of impressing once again upon every owner and tenant the necessity of a fully adequate insurance policy, not merely covering the building—and in these days building costs are high—but everything contained in the house with valued and agreed inventories of the contents of every room. It is advisable to have an extra cover of £1,000 to £2,000 for items bought since the inventories were made out, or omitted from them in error. Only with such precautions is it possible to feel completely secure in the event of a disaster such as has overtaken this precious old house.

AFTER the first Test Match at Nottingham we had a general impression that the luck had been rather on our side and that we must expect the Australians to be more dangerous next time. We were hardly prepared, however, for this tremendous display at Lord's. Our score of over four hundred on the first day seemed perfectly satisfactory, so that we could await any counter-attack with equanimity. Now their crushing victory has left us gasping, half-dismayed and half-amused at the impotence of our bowlers against these scoring machines. Whatever may and must be said of Chapman's glorious century, it is the Australians that have played the heroic part, and after Bradman and Woodfull even Duleepsinhji is partially in eclipse. There seems hardly any limit to Bradman's powers: from the moment he came in he played as if he had already made a hundred; and when he really had made one he started on the next in the most business-like possible manner. He has the same ruthless and ever-fresh enjoyment of making runs that distinguished W. G. Not for him to give his enemies a chance by a "joy shot" or two. He is like the old golfer who said, "When I am five up I strive to be six up, when I am seven up I strive to be eight up." Untiring, unhaunting, unrelenting, he moves from triumph to triumph. He is only twenty-one years old, and it is appalling to contemplate what years of leather hunting lie ahead for England.

IT was a considerable triumph for the lady golfers to be able to demand or, at least, consent to a reduction of the odds in their annual match against the men at Stoke Poges. For years the men gave a half, and in the whole history of the match had a good balance in their favour; but on the last two occasions the ladies were so crushing that it seemed something must be done to give the poor men a chance. So the half was this time reduced to a third, and the men showed a base ingratitude by trouncing

these chivalrous ladies by five to one in the foursomes and nine to three in the singles. The ladies at the top of the list, notably Miss Gourlay and Miss Wilson, more than held their own, and for them the odds are, no doubt, sufficient; but the supply of men who can vaguely be described as "good" greatly exceeds at present the corresponding supply of ladies; the men's side had no tail, and that was in brief the story of the match. Perhaps now there will have to be another readjustment; at any rate, there is material for a very pretty argument. Very much always depends on the length of the course and, oddly enough, it has sometimes been when Stoke is at its longest that the ladies have done best. It is when the men do fives instead of fours that there comes the ladies' opportunity.

PROFESSOR HENRY TONKS' retirement from the Slade School brings a brilliant chapter in the history of art in London—indeed, in England—to an end. The Slade, under Tonks and his predecessor, Frederick Brown, not only produced John and Orpen, but has left a deep impression on the course of modern English art, for which Tonks himself is largely responsible. In effect he contrived to synthesise into his style and instruction the linear beauty of the Pre-Raphaelites and the sensitiveness to colour of the French Impressionists. His enchanting picture in the Millbank Gallery of "Rosamond and the Purple Jar" is typical of this synthesis and incidentally contains a reference, in the chemist's jar, to another important influence on Tonks' art, his early practice as a doctor—he is F.R.C.S. It is typical, too, of the intimate and tender personality that a somewhat brusque exterior conceals. To this generation Tonks stands as one of the "fathers." But it is not long ago since, with Mr. Steer, Mr. McColl and the other founders of the New English Art Club, he was himself among the secessionists. Orpen's "Homage to Manet" at Millbank is no less a homage to that brilliant band of "younger men" to whose influence painting in England to-day owes most that is in it of sane humanity.

FELO DE SE.

This is the end. No longer slow
And thin, her hands reluctant go
Through all the week, from toil to toil
Setting the kettle on to boil,
Paring potatoes, washing up—
Each gleaming plate and blue-rimmed cup
Is put away: the tale is told.
Blind stands her cottage, blind and cold
With curtains drawn and no lamp lit,
While hushed and strange the neighbours flit
Low-voiced, as if she heard them move
Who, in such stillness, lies above
Or cares who laughs or cares who grieves
In her dim room beneath the eaves.

Fearful she was of this one thing
The bitterest gift the years can bring,
That body should outstrip the mind
And eyes though seeing, yet be blind.
Poor speech confused, and body's needs
Depend on others' kindly deeds.
. . . In her most piteous malady
Since death so tarried, needs must she
Go seek him, lest he pass her by
As cast aside too dead to die.

MARGARET BRISBANE.

THE bright blue pillar boxes which have made their appearance in London are our latest reminders of how the old order changeth. A good deal less than a hundred years ago the Royal Mails were clattering in and out of St. Martin's-le-Grand with a fine clip-a-clop of hoofs and a jingle of harness. Nowadays they are conveyed swiftly and silently by night in the long, unlighted mail trains, which, somehow, look so eerie. It will not be many years before they are being whirled by aeroplane over our heads. So, at least, the blue pillar boxes rather arrogantly prophesy. Already a scheme has been adopted by the four railway groups and Imperial Airways for through booking of parcels to and from the Continent. This will make it possible to send packages by rail from a hundred

different centres in England, which will be transferred at Croydon to Imperial Airways and carried to any destination on Continental or Empire air routes. The next step will be when the railways themselves make use of the powers they possess to establish air services of their own.

Meanwhile, in another branch of postal service, it is interesting to note that the success of the cash-on-delivery scheme has determined the Post Office to extend it to perishable goods. From July 1st meat, fruit and flowers can be sent C.O.D. by passenger train.

SOARING FLIGHT

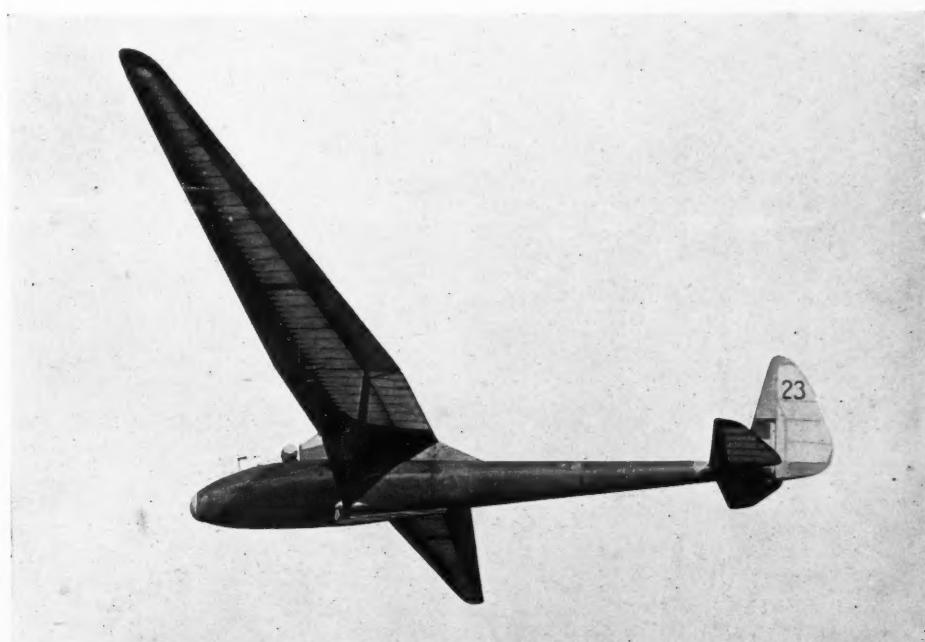


THE TAKE-OFF: NOTE THE DOUBLE ELASTIC ROPES.

WHEN gliding was first described as a coming sport in COUNTRY LIFE, many people were sceptical, but the sanguine prophecies then made have been more than fulfilled. Herr Kronfeld has been giving, near Lewes, some demonstrations of soaring flight which have aroused the wonder and admiration of all who saw them. He has ascended in his sailplane, the Wein, and has flown with the completest assurance sometimes for hours on end. His flights have provided beautiful spectacles and have also given testimony to his skill and to the advances that have been made in this branch of aviation. His monoplane has the appearance of a bird, with wide, narrow wings and carefully streamlined fuselage. It is taken to pieces and packed on a trailer for transport on the roads. Seated in the Wein, Herr Kronfeld is flicked into the air from the brow of a slope by the usual system. A double length of elastic shock absorber is passed through a hook under his aeroplane and the two ends are held

by two parties of five assistants each. The two parties move forward until the elastic is taut, and then Herr Kronfeld gives the command "release." Those who have been holding his machine back let go, and it leaps into the air with the motion of a diver from a spring board and then poises itself in the air-stream which is deflected upwards by the rising ground. Without a sound the sailplane flies and gradually it turns with scarcely any "bank." As it turns down-wind it loses height. It makes a complete circuit and comes up again into wind, now climbing strongly. After attaining height, Herr Kronfeld may fly along the crest of the slope, climbing at times, and at times losing height. In this way he may travel for anything up to seventy or a hundred miles.

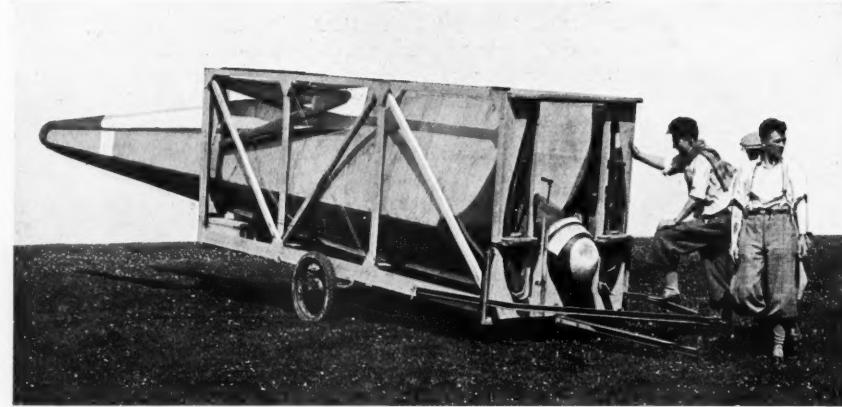
The principle of sail-planing consists in the use of wind currents which have been deflected upwards as a result of the formation of the ground, or of radiation or of the upward currents found associated with cumulus and cumulo-nimbus clouds. The cold front of a line-squall is



THE WIEN IN FLIGHT: NOTE THE NARROW WINGS AND WIDE SPAN.

invariably accompanied by strong upward currents, and has been used for gaining height on more than one occasion by the German gliding pilots. The sailplane itself is an exceptionally efficient type of aircraft; indeed, it is more efficient aerodynamically than any type of power-driven aeroplane except those built for racing, such as the Schneider Trophy seaplanes. It is the only type of flying machine which approaches the efficiency of certain birds. Consequently it is able to glide at a very flat angle. In still air it would slowly lose height and land a short time after launching. But the air is rarely still and the smallest up-current will permit it to rise in relation to the ground, while still gradually descending in relation to the air-stream.

It is often in stormy weather that the sailplane pilot finds the strongest up-currents and can glide longest and rise highest. Kronfeld's record flight of 150 kilometres from the Wasserkuppe to Bayreuth was accomplished with the aid of a cumulus cloud. He flew under this cloud in an air-stream, estimated to have been ascending at the rate of 5 metres a second, and attained in this way a height of nearly seven thousand feet. Similar methods were used by Herr Schultz and Herr Dinort when they made their duration flights of 14hrs. 7mins. and 14hrs. 43mins. The German pilots have also demonstrated that variations in the speed of the wind can be employed for gaining



THE WIEN IN THE SPECIAL CRATE FOR TRANSPORT.

height even when there is no upward deflection, and the view is held in Germany that sailplaning over flat country will be feasible when sufficient knowledge has been gained.

Herr Kronfeld has shown that gliding is possible in England as well as in Germany. Generally speaking, any horseshoe-shaped hill about 100ft. high with a gradient of 1 in 6 or 1 in 8 will provide a suitable site for gliding. Expert pilots can soar in conditions which would be unsuitable for teaching gliding, but even for them a suitably shaped hill facilitates the initial gaining of height. Thereafter one or other of the methods outlined is employed for climbing and gaining sufficient height to move from one favourable point to the next. The glider pilot, although he has a good deal of scope, is not entirely free to choose his course. That is dictated by ground formations and cloud movements. The landing is made in the same way as in a power-driven aeroplane, except that the forward speed is so much lower that no elaborate undercarriage is needed, a single skid being sufficient to prevent the machine being damaged.

The sport of gliding, as I mentioned in COUNTRY LIFE last February, has achieved great popularity in Germany and America. It provides people with a means of tasting the sensations of flight unspoilt by the noise and vibration of an engine, and without any unpleasant smell of petrol and oil. Moreover, sailplaning is relatively cheap and, as a result of the German researches, safe. The recent demonstrations have instilled into many Englishmen the desire to soar, and, with the aid of the numerous clubs already formed, they will soon be able to fulfil their wish. There seems little doubt that next summer gliding will be on the way to becoming as popular in this country as it is in Germany.

OLIVER STEWART.



HERR KRONFELD AND MR. GORDON ENGLAND, CHAIRMAN OF THE BRITISH GLIDING ASSOCIATION.

THE INTERNATIONAL HORSE SHOW

BY LIEUTENANT-COLONEL M. F. McTAGGART.

THE jumping competitions at the Horse Show this year have been of a particularly interesting nature, because we have had not only contests between nations, but a definite combat of style. The French and the Irish on one side, the English and the Chilians on the other, and with the Germans demonstrating a style of their own. The two first-mentioned teams adopt the "diminuendo" style of approach, the English and Chilian teams approach in the "crescendo" style. It is a battle which has been waged on paper and in the arenas of many countries for years; but I think, with the object lesson of this Olympia before us, the battle has been won for the English style in no uncertain manner. Up till now, most Continental nations have adopted the principle of pushing their horses at each fence as fast as possible when about 100ft. from it, then they give the horse plenty of rein, and with complete freedom of both head and foot he is allowed to approach the obstacle as best he can and to jump when he likes. The horse, in his endeavour to get his stride so that he can jump, decreases his speed and sometimes jumps from almost a halt. But as the rider has not interfered with him in any way, he is usually able to get over cleanly, especially if he has been well "rapped" beforehand.

This style is undoubtedly effective, and it has been very successful, but it has several disadvantages. It is a great strain on the horse. First of all, he has the effort of increasing his speed at the start, then the effort of decreasing it, and finally the very considerable one of jumping the fence on a slackening momentum. It is said that a horse thus left to himself will never make a mistake, but we know that is not so. For instance, Captain Lassandière took a very heavy fall on Saturday night owing to the fact that his horse misjudged his take-off. Horses will undoubtedly jump many fences cleanly in this way, but the time comes when mistakes do arise. The English style—and I think it can now be definitely called the English style—is the reverse. It is that of the "crescendo" or the controlled, approach. With us, at the distance of about 100ft. from the fence the horse is kept well in hand and is going his slowest pace. Then, when about 40ft. away, the speed is increased, and the last stride is the fastest. In this way the momentum comes at the right moment, and the fence is cleared with the minimum of effort.

This style is attractive to watch. The round is completed so smoothly and quietly that one can hardly hear the foot fall, and it gives the appearance of complete harmony between horse

and rider. But it is a difficult art to acquire, and needs practice and patience.

Many well known riders have said that it is too difficult, but I hear that the Italians are now converted, and, that being so, I do not think it will be long now before all other nations will follow suit. It certainly will not take long if we have such attractive exponents as Lieutenant Talbot-Ponsonby, Captain Cameron and Captain Muir to display it. The Chilian team was undoubtedly schooled on these principles, and they made some very good rounds, but their horses require a little more schooling before

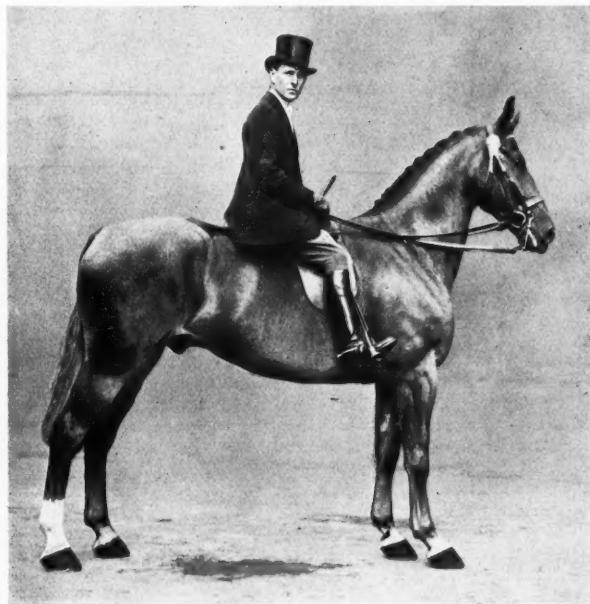


MR. W. S. MILLER'S EASTERTIDE, CHAMPION HARNESS HORSE.

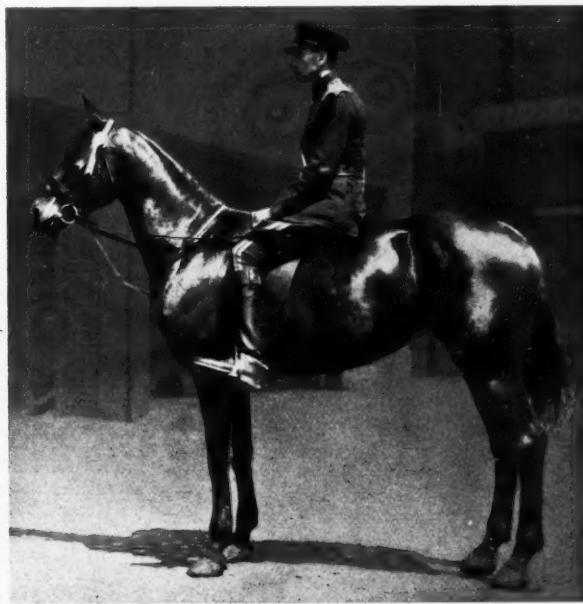
of the jump. This style is sensational, but continued success. They were second in the Prince of Wales's

they will be formidable opponents. But there is one thing we can very definitely copy from them; they rode, although in uniform, without spurs.

The German team have a style of their own. They ride with a very short rein and stirrup. They adopt an extreme "forward seat," and they go round the course at great speed, trusting to the great scope of their horses to take off whenever the stride suggests. I noticed once one of their horses must have taken off 20ft. in front



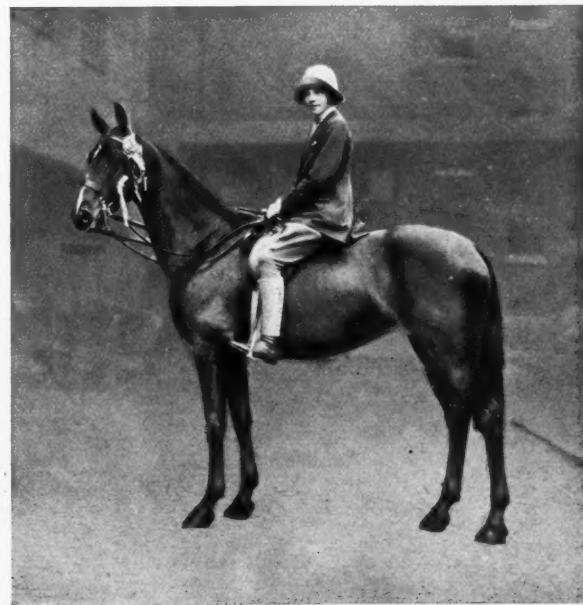
HANDLEY CROSS, RIDDEN BY MR. H. BONNER.
Champion hunter.



CHELSEA, RIDDEN BY LIEUT. J. A. TALBOT-PONSONBY.
Winner of the King George V Cup.



W. A. Rouch.
LIEUT. X. BIZARD ON ARCACON.
Champion jumper.



Copyright.
MISS BERYL PARRY ON BROWN MOUSE.
Champion children's riding pony.

Cup, and they were often in the prize lists in the other events; but it struck me as a rather too haphazard performance to be worthy of trial or of imitation. But they certainly maintain control of their horses throughout, in spite of the speed and freedom, and in this respect it is, perhaps, a preferable style to that of the French. On the other hand, it produces a crouching attitude which is not so attractive.

This has, indeed, been a British year, and we have carried off most of the principal events. The standard of riding of the British officer has progressed enormously. Not only did we win the Prince of Wales's Cup by a very large margin, but we had behind them at least two other teams who, if called upon, would have done almost as well, and many others who gave very excellent displays. Among them, worthy of mention, are Lieutenant-Colonel Dormer, Major Dudgeon, Lieutenant Friedberger and Lieutenant Johnson Ferguson, all of whom have schooled their horses to that charming tranquillity which is so pleasing to watch.



W. A. Rouch.

BRITISH TEAM: WINNERS OF PRINCE OF WALES'S CUP.
Left to right: Captain A. L. Cameron on *Irish Eagle*, Captain W. H. Muir on *Sea Count*, and Lieut. J. A. Talbot-Ponsonby on *Chelsea*.

But when we come to the civilian element we find a rather different state of affairs. They possess many wonderful horses of great jumping capacity, but they have not been taught to jump, they only "bounce." They come into the ring with wild eyes and excited nerves; they thunder round the course and, with prodigious leaps, sometimes succeed in making a faultless round; but as a spectacle it is usually a relief to see it finished.

"Quadrupedantem putrem quatinus ungula campum." Our officers, when they used to do badly years ago, learnt their lesson from their opponents, and it is time now that our civilians learnt from our officers, who can teach them much in how to school horses. Naturally, there

are exceptions, and it is pleasing to be able to congratulate the ladies on having done some very admirable rounds. Miss Pierce has done extremely well this year, and seems to school her horses very temperately. I think it would be a very popular item on next year's programme if we could have a ladies' competition. I feel sure it would be very popular.

THE BLACKFACED SHEEP

THE heath or mountain types of Blackfaced sheep comprise the most numerous group in Britain. Their origin has always been something of a mystery, and various theories have been advanced from time to time. Legends, however, are not always true. Sir Alfred E. Pease, Bt., has contributed a very valuable article to the recently issued Journal of the Yorkshire Agricultural Society in which he has attempted to trace their ancestry and has described their development.

These sheep make an important contribution to the agriculture of this country and at the same time form an interesting study. Their hardiness is such that they can exist and thrive on high-lying ground which produces little else but heather and rough grasses. Compared with other hardy types, it is claimed for them that they excel in getting the best out of the grazing in a degree not equalled by other types.

Sir Alfred in his quest goes back many thousands of years to the time when ancestral forms existed midway between sheep and goats. Much has to be assumed, but the arguments have been developed from observations made in the course of hunting expeditions in other countries. Others who have attempted to trace the ancestry of our breeds have based their opinions on such points as length and type of tail, and the character of the wool. Horn formation, however, is considered to be more helpful by Sir Alfred, and, as such, considerable importance has been attached to them.

It has been suggested by some authorities that the Mouflon type, now found in certain Mediterranean districts, formed the ancestor of the Blackface, but this view is now controverted and, basing opinions upon the characteristics of the sheep and the course taken by civilisation in Europe, Hunia or Tibetan origin is now advanced. The late Sir Edmund Loder was associated with Sir Alfred Pease in many hunting expeditions, and it was the direct outcome of hunting wild sheep that their likeness to the Blackfaces was appreciated. In grazing habits there is a close relationship, for both will descend down the mountains to feed, but return to the heights after they have had their fill. Again the wild ewe with her lambs often keeps apart from the rest, which is usually true of the Blackfaces. There are other points of similarity which have served to further emphasise the relationship, suggesting that Tibet and northern India provided the distant ancestors of the Blackfaced types. On the Continent there are types of sheep which are apparently associated with our own Blackfaces, and especially in Holstein and Denmark, as a "heath sheep" (*Geestschaf*).

The introduction of the Blackfaces to England probably dates back to the time of the Danish invasions. Thus a Danish colony was formed in East Anglia round about 860 to 870 A.D., and with this fact coincides the location of the old Norfolk Horned type of sheep which was essentially a heath breed. A further Danish colony was formed in the eastern part of Yorkshire a few years later, and this would appear to account for the subsequent

distribution of the Blackfaced heath type throughout the moorlands of Yorkshire, making their way eventually to the Pennine Chain of hills. There is no definite evidence that the Danes brought cattle or sheep with them, but it is recognised as a custom practised in those days by invading races to take livestock with them in the colonisation of new countries.

The subsequent distribution of the Blackfaced heath type in this country is associated with more recent times. Thus, although Scotland is now a principal breeding ground for the breed, they did not appear in that country until about 1745. They first went to Perthshire and Dumfriesshire and thence gradually spread throughout the Highlands.

Sir Alfred's contribution on this subject is likely to prove of considerable interest to scientists and to breeders of the different types of Blackfaced heath sheep. The old Norfolk has gone as a pure type, but it is continued in part by the modern Suffolk, which evolved from a cross between the Norfolk and the improved Southdown. Even the Southdown descends in turn from the old Sussex breed, which was blackfaced and therefore belonged to a common ancestral type. The old Blackfaced Berkshire in turn contributes to the formation of the Hampshire, so that some of the leading Down breeds are thereby represented. The north country Blackfaced sheep are represented by such breeds as the Scotch Blackfaced, Swaledale, Rough Fell, and Louk. There are certain detail differences between these, which have arisen through the differing environments under which the breeds have been kept, coupled with the measure of selection employed by breeders. Singularly enough, the Herdwick is credited with the same ancestry, and this fact is highly probable, even though the old historians are at a loss to account for their presence on the Cumberland hills, and suggested that they were washed ashore from a wrecked Spanish ship in the Armada days.

Much has been claimed at times for the distinctive characters which are associated with many of our British breeds. Yet the more closely the subject is investigated the more one appreciates the fact that the skill of the breeder has often succeeded in evolving so-called new breeds from common material. Of the Blackfaced types it is still true that, though they are now bred to certain distinctive standards, the throw-backs reveal their descent. Observations of this character in the hands of the practically-minded scientist and naturalist will often lead one nearer the truth than the assumptions which others may like to imagine to suit their own convenience.

MILKING MACHINE EFFICIENCY.

The doubts which are frequently entertained as to the efficiency of the milking machine are being quickly dispelled. The National Institute for Research in Dairying and the Institute of Agricultural Engineering, acting under the authority of the Minister of Agriculture, have completed a test of yet another milking machine, *viz.*, that of the Alfa-Laval Company, Limited, 34, Grosvenor Road, London, S.W.1. The Alfa-Laval machine is widely used in Sweden, the United

States of America and in this country, and the report in respect of its performance under test for eight months last year is distinctly favourable to the machine in question. During this period no mechanical trouble occurred, which is an important asset. The average time of milking was under ten minutes per cow per day with two milkings, while the milking efficiency was entirely satisfactory, as in no case did the stripings per milking average as much as 1lb. In many cases the machine practically stripped all the milk from the udder; but it is not desirable

to neglect stripping, as it provides a valuable guide to the condition of each cow's udder. No material difference was experienced in the daily yield when the cows were changed over from hand to machine milking and *vice versa*, while no ill effects on the udder or teats were observed.

From the point of view of hygiene, the machine gave excellent results provided the units were thoroughly washed and then sterilised by steam.

GREAT LANDSCAPES

"**G**REAT" applies in both its senses to the twenty pictures exhibited by the Magnasco Society, of which the Marquess of Carisbrooke is president, at Messrs. Spinks in aid of the Kensington, Fulham and Chelsea General Hospital. The majority of them are great in size and content, displaying wide stretches of country teeming with humanity, seen beneath the grandest conditions that the painters could visualise. And each is by a master whom contemporaries and posterity have agreed in acknowledging the greatest of their epoch. These twenty pictures, indeed, though they may not be the greatest landscapes of their period, yet represent magnificently the peaks in the development of man's comprehension of Nature during five centuries, from Patinir to Corot. Between these, in a sense, the first and last outstanding classic landscape painters, we have a work of the highest quality by Cima da Conegliano representing the early Venetians; Lucas Cranach's entertaining "Stag Hunt" from Powerscourt, never exhibited before, and representing the courtly contact with Nature attained through the love of sport in Renaissance Germany; two Tintoretto's from Castle Howard, marking the climax of the majestic Venetian art in which the voices of Nature for the first time were fully orchestrated into a chorus of movement and colour. Northern Europe, not Italy, was to carry on the achievements of the Venetians in establishing mankind's aesthetic mastery of Nature's wildness, according to the virile classic notion of art as a means for ordering and comprehending Nature. Rubens' two superb canvases—"Summer" and "Winter," lent by H.M. the King—contain the full gamut of Nature's powers, kindly or cruel, but seen always in relation to man's toil and man's triumph. Perhaps the most lovely of all Clades, "The Enchanted Castle," once Sam Rogers's, with a couple of Poussins, summarise the stride forward made by the French in the seventeenth century, while that neglected genius, Jean François Millet (1642-79), emerges from the shadow cast by his nineteenth century namesake with one of the most emotional landscapes of all European art. Wilson,

with two idyllic Italian scenes, and Canaletto, with two *capriccios* very unlike his conscientious topographical works, bring us down to Corot in his young days before he abandoned formal, almost cubist, design for his facile exploration of atmospheres.

This hasty enumeration suggests the quality of the pictures in this exceptionally interesting exhibition, which traces, with a clarity and richness that not even the three national exhibitions at Burlington House could achieve, the gradual mastering by the great artists of Europe of the gorgeous tangle around them. The process is that of a slow expansion of human consciousness. The mediaeval man turned in some degree of terror from the unhallowed and incomprehensible world around him, finding pleasure in little more than the palisaded garden with its tiny flowers reflecting an angel's smile, or the white walls of a castle, to him the symbol of temporal power. Patinir, after the precocious Lorenzetti, was one of the first painters to attempt a simplification of a wide prospect, and in doing so to find it serene, unhaunted by powers of darkness. His "Landscape with the Virgin and Child" marks the transition from the religious art of the Middle Ages to the brave paganism of the Renaissance. Cima's St. Jerome kneels in a landscape backed by Alps no longer grotesque. A clear sunlight bathes a scene lucid and rationally defined. North of the Alps dark forests were falling back before the woodman and the civilised prince, though the latter still chose to have his exploits in chase and field commemorated by tapestries of wrythen, outlandish forms. Cranach's "Stag Hunt" is the transition between the hunting tapestry and Rubens.

There are three companion pictures to this, which commemorates a grand battue given in 1544 by John Frederick, Elector of Saxony to the Emperor Charles V after the Diet of Spires. One is at Madrid and two are at Vienna. This picture, lent by Lord Powerscourt, is the more interesting for the difficulty we have in this country in seeing examples of the courtly art of the Empire. In the background is the town of Torgau on the banks of the Elbe, in which are moored floating watermills. On the island in the river the deer are being driven towards the "guns,"



A STAG HUNT FOR THE EMPEROR CHARLES V AT TORGAU, BY LUCAS CRANACH, 1545.
Canvas 47ins. by 69½ins. Lent by Viscount Powerscourt.

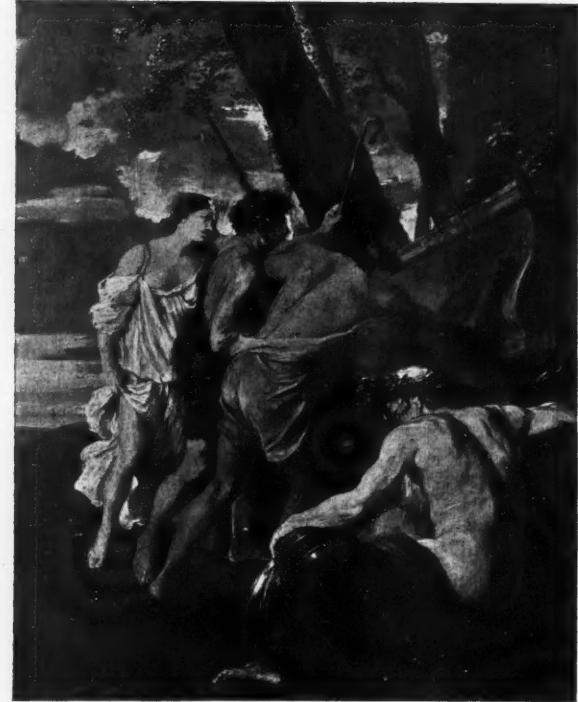


LANDSCAPE CAPRICCIO, BY CANALETTO.
Canvas 61ins. by 56ins. Lent by the Earl of Lovelace.

the hinds separated and herded off to the left. In the foreground are portrayed on the left the Emperor with his brother, Ferdinand, King of the Romans, the Elector, and on the far right Sybilla of Cleves, the Electress. Armed with crossbows they shoot the deer struggling in the turbid waters, swollen with autumn rains, which have also tinged the woods with russet and gold.

The interest in landscape expressed by Cranach is limited to its suitability for hunting. It was that consideration, varied by the land's adaptability for a battle, a love scene, or farming, that constituted the average man's concern with landscape for more than a century to come in England: in other countries for longer. In Rubens, however, we see a mind of an altogether different order surveying the natural scene. The landscape is still something subordinated to the activities of mankind. The Tintoretos in this Exhibition have Scriptural subjects, but they are restricted to a small and obscure part of the great landscape for which they provide an excuse. In "Summer" Rubens accepts the toil of mankind as in itself sufficient of subject matter. The train of flocks and peasants winds beside a stream into a vast landscape, minutely observed, but diversified with broad shadows. On the left is a thicket in which the "catching lights" and lustrous shadows are rendered with all the glitter that was afterwards to earn the epithet "picturesque," and in the centre is Ruben's house.

"Winter"—in some ways an even grander composition—represents the interior of a barn in which cows and horses are stalled, and a peasant family crouch over a fire, while the snow falls thickly on farmyard and wood outside. These two pictures represent a power of expressing Nature's poetry in relation to the needs of man that was not paralleled in England till Thomson published his "Seasons" in 1734.



"SHEPHERDS OF ARCADY," BY NICOLAS POUSSIN
Canvas, 42ins. by 33ins. Lent by the Duke of Devonshire.

Besides Claude's "Enchanted Castle," which is supposed to have inspired Keats' lines:

—magic casements opening on the foam,
Of perilous seas in faery lands forlorn,

is another, lent by the Earl of Radnor, aptly called "The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire." In the rosy light of sunset we are shown ruins of aqueducts and triumphal arches rising in a broad *campagna* over which float malarial miasmas. The poetry of landscape has advanced here beyond the simple labours of the few shepherds in the foreground, and unites the romance proceeding from decayed grandeur with a static composition of light and dark masses. But though the human element is subdued, it is an intellectual ideal of nature that is presented not Nature inchoate and various as in life and in romantic art.

J. F. Millet's "Destruction of the Cities of the Plain" is scarcely classic landscape at all. In its accuracy of observation of natural forms and colouring, and the direct rendering of the cloud-burst in the middle distance, it is not far removed in perception from Turner's alpine landscapes. But the monumental composition leading up to the ribbon of lightning asserts the intellect's command of Nature even in her paroxysms. A century and more was yet to elapse before the imaginative observation of colour

effects and natural forms was allowed to provide sufficient content for a work of art. Turner, Constable and the Barbizon men abandoned themselves in a romantic worship of Nature, whom they no longer sought to control, whom they accepted as she is, instead of displaying as she might become in an ideal world freed of accident and failure. Before that time arrived, artists fell below the grand manner of Poussin's and Claude's approach to Nature. The two unusual *capriccios* of Canaletto



"THE DESTRUCTION OF THE CITIES OF THE PLAIN," BY J. F. MILLET (1642-79).
Canvas 39ins. by 50ins. Lent by Sir Herbert Cook, Bt.

July 5th, 1930.

COUNTRY LIFE.

11



"SUMMER," BY RUBENS, 1627.
Canvas 57ins. by 88ins. By gracious permission of H.M. the King.

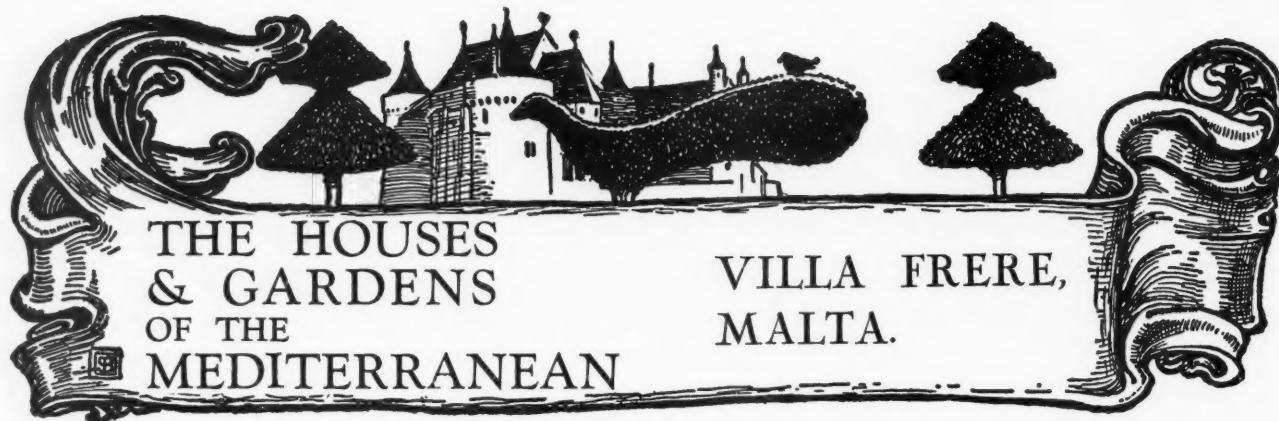
are typical of the decorative superficiality of the eighteenth century landscape painters, expressed in another way in the two Wilson *vedute nei dintorni*. Canaletto is interested in the combination of fantastic architectural forms, Wilson in the rendering of limpid atmosphere, rather than in the austere search for a skeleton of reason beneath the appearance of things. Corot, in the clear light of Italy, thought he had found this rational basis, and built up the two landscapes exhibited into clear-cut architectonic unities.

But, retiring to the mistier atmosphere of France, he soon lost himself in iridescent dreams. After half a century of wandering in his vague forest, landscape painters have come out again into the hard light of day. Though with little of the greatness of intellect evident in this exhibition, they are continuing the search for the ideal balance of values which Tintoretto and Rubens and Poussin must be acknowledged to have found.

CHRISTOPHER HUSSEY.



"WINTER," BY RUBENS, 1627.
Canvas 57ins. by 88ins. By gracious permission of H.M. the King.



The Villa Frere in Pieta, Malta, was built and the gardens laid out by the Right Hon. Hookham Frere, who lived in the island from 1820 to 1846. Its present owners, Commander and Mrs. Price, bought it in 1886.

THE Right Hon. John Hookham Frere, who built the villa and laid out the gardens, was an Englishman who lived in Malta for about twenty-six years from 1820. He was the head of his family, a scholar, a politician, and had been at one time British Minister in Portugal. In short, hardly a person to cut himself off from England and all that England meant to him; but his wife, formerly the Dowager Countess of Erroll, became something of an invalid as she grew older; the English climate did not suit her, and she was obliged to live abroad.

An unpretentious house facing the waters of the Marsamuschetta Harbour, the front door opening on to the road that actually forms part of the quay. That is one's first view of the Villa Frere, and it is difficult to imagine that so much beauty lies behind it.

Once through the front door and out at the back, and one finds oneself in the charming arched loggia shown in Fig. 1, facing a flowering terrace running west to a small orange grove. From the loggia it is an upward pilgrimage of beauty which culminates in the terraces shown in Figs. 2 and 3.

Mr. Frere spent thousands upon the gardens. His goodness and charity were well known, and it is rumoured that they were begun partly in order to employ a number of poor labourers,

work being scarce and poverty great at that time; but it must soon have become a pleasure and interest to him. At first there was nothing but the bare rock rising in rough terraces to where wonderful panoramas of land and sea roll out before one on all sides. Probably a few prickly pears, carubas or even fig trees clung to its sides wherever a handful of soil made it possible, but there can have been no other vegetation. The terraces were dug out, beginning probably from the bottom, and gradually filled with earth, most of it brought from a distance. There is no doubt that much of it was conveyed by sea for the important gardens in Malta. During the work a large fissure containing clay was opened up. This formed a welcome addition to the supply of soil, and a great deal had been dug out when it was discovered that the clay did not consist of an ordinary seam or layer, but that it had evidently been at one time in a fluid state rushing downwards, for the stones it contained were rounded by the action of water, and the rock on both sides scored with deep furrows, showing with what force the liquid clay had at one time poured down. It was excavated to the depth of 60ft.—the sea level—when the salt water rushing in prevented any further digging or exploring. It does not appear to be the result of a volcanic eruption, and nothing in the present geological formation of



Copyright.

1—THE LOGGIA.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

July 5th, 1930.

COUNTRY LIFE.

13



Copyright

2.—SEA VIEW FROM THE UPPER TERRACE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



Copyright

3.—LAND VIEW FROM THE UPPER TERRACE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



Copyright

4.—TERRACE AND PERGOLA.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



Copyright.

5.—FOUNTAIN.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

the island can possibly explain this queer phenomenon.

The gardens follow the line of nature, or, one might say, the line of least resistance. Large blocks of stone were excavated to level or deepen the natural terraces and form cavities for the numerous cisterns or reservoirs without which no garden can exist in Malta. The stones were shaped to build walls and carved for fountain arches, well-heads and stone benches; but the general contours of the rugged little hill are unchanged, and therefore it is not a garden, but many gardens, and these gardens were not planned, they just happened! When, however, a garden space had come into being, unending love and care were bestowed upon it by Mr. Frere and his niece, Lady Frances Chichester, who succeeded him. After her death, the gardens were neglected until 1876, when a Count Messina bought the lease and restored some of their beauty; but no one has loved them more or done more for them than their present owners, Captain and Mrs. Price, who bought the place in 1886.

The lack of a definite plan in these charming gardens makes it difficult to describe them as accurately as one is able to do in the case of more formal pleasure grounds. In a letter about them some time ago a visitor writes, "A garden where, *without actually being a maze*, everything comes upon you as a surprise!" One has to wander as the gardens wander, hoping that one may be able to convey a little of their delightful variety and unexpectedness.

Leaving the loggia flower beds, one makes one's way gradually upwards, through pergolas, by stone stairways, past the many boldly designed well-heads of fine white Maltese stone mellowed by time into a soft creamy grey. Everywhere there are trees—pines, carobs, cypresses, olives, figs, pomegranates, pepper, live oak, orange, lemon and tamarind.

Vines, roses and other climbing plants wreath much of the stonework well-heads and balustrades. Flowers of all kinds, in their seasons, make brilliant patches in the shade, and flowering shrubs fill up the spaces. Freesias, in their season, grow wild, even pushing up their heads between the flagstones and filling the air with their delicate scent of preserved apricots.

On one of the lower terraces one comes to a Dutch tulip garden glowing with rich colour. Passing a delightful reed-filled fountain overhung by ragged pines (Fig. 5) and under a tunnel, one emerges into the Japanese garden. This is Captain Price's especial domain, as he planned and made it and even imported a Japanese gardener to ensure its correctness. There are irises in borders and round two pools where bronze storks stand among rushes; a miniature temple containing a shrine to Buddha and a great wind-twisted pine like one in a Japanese picture. The Japanese enclosure is one of the garden's many surprises. Beyond, on the same level, is a wild bit, pine trees carpeted by arum lilies. Shallow flights of stone steps with conventional balustrades that, nevertheless, fit into the picture, lead upwards from terrace to terrace, flowering plants in pots bordering the steps, and either side filled in with semi-tropical vegetation (Fig. 6).



6.—FLIGHT OF STEPS TO THE HIGHER TERRACES.



Copyright.

7.—ONE OF THE WELL-HEADS.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



Copyright.

8.—"ENGAGEMENT-CORNER."

"COUNTRY LIFE."



Copyright.

9.—THE GARDEN TEMPLE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



10.—SQUARES AND TERRACES BEYOND THE GARDEN TEMPLE.



11.—SHADED WALKS ON THE UPPERMOST TERRACE.

Fig. 7 shows one of the many well-heads. Beneath them are huge reservoirs to be filled by the heavy winter rains for use in the dry season. There is no other water supply in Malta. Springs do not exist there.

Fig. 8 shows what is known as "Engagement Terrace"—part of the "Lovers' Walk"—just before one comes to the last flight of stone stairs leading through an open garden temple to the highest terraces of all. It is built on a wall of huge stones put together without mortar, 90ft. long and 12ft. to 13ft. high, evidently built of blocks of stone cut out when levelling the ground to form the terraces or excavate the cisterns. Mr. Frere describes it in a letter to a friend: "I built my first piece of wall simply by the Lesbian rule as Aristotle describes it, but I have since made a discovery of the true Pelasgic method, and am finishing the other end of it like a perfect Cyclops such as Neptune employed in building the walls of Troy."

Fig. 12 gives a nearer view of the temple stairs, showing the pine-shaded groups of cinerarias and pink rapheolepis. Figs. 10 and 11 give details of the squares, terraces and balustrades that lie beyond the temple; they are shaded by olives, live oak, pepper and pine trees and decorated by great jars of ivy-leaved geranium, and lead to the final outlook point with the marvellous views illustrated in Figs. 2 and 3.

Photograph No. 2 is taken from what is known as the Turret, but as the owner of the place is a naval man, one is inclined to wonder why it is not named the Crow's Nest, so fine is the view spread out before one! An ideal spot to sit and dream and gaze on a warm day, but not when the gregale is blowing and the great seas dashing over the rocks below. The Marsamuschetto Harbour almost fills the picture. The fort of St. Elmo in the far distance on the right takes one back in imagination to the days of the great siege in 1565, when these waters were alive with Turkish ships and the shores with Turkish soldiers. Fort St. Elmo stood out against them long and bravely, and defeated them in the end, though so hard-pressed and diminished in numbers that the soldiers of the Knights propped their dead and dying in the gun embrasures to deceive the foe into thinking they were still well manned. Farther back stands the great city of Valletta, with its magnificent sea walls and fortifications. It was built by La Vallette, Grand Master at the time of the siege, and occupies the whole of the peninsula between the Marsamuschetto Harbour and the Grand Harbour beyond, where lies the main part of the Fleet. The work was done mostly by slaves—prisoners of war taken in the many battles of the Knights in those days of hard fighting. One sees also, near the point, the spire of St. Paul's Cathedral and the high tower of the Governor's Palace, where one of the sights of Malta is to mount the hundred odd steps in the winding staircase and see the Grand Fleet steam forth for its spring or summer cruise or watch for its return. The harbour is empty in the picture, but at most times of the year there is much life to be seen on its waters—a destroyer or two coming from or returning to its berth (the destroyers do not live in the Grand Harbour), a few small racing yachts,

the busy little passenger launches plying backwards and forwards, and many graceful dghisas. The dghisa is the rowing boat of Malta, and can brave the roughest sea, manned by the descendants of generation after generation of seafaring men accustomed to the sudden and violent storms of the Mediterranean. To the extreme left is Tigne, still called by the people Dragut Point, because it was there that Dragut, the captain of the Turks, fell during the siege of 1565, shot by an arrow. A little nearer is the entrance to the Quarantine or Lazaretto Harbour, where the ships go that have any infection on board, and where the old hospital of the Knights is still used for such cases as occur on the island.

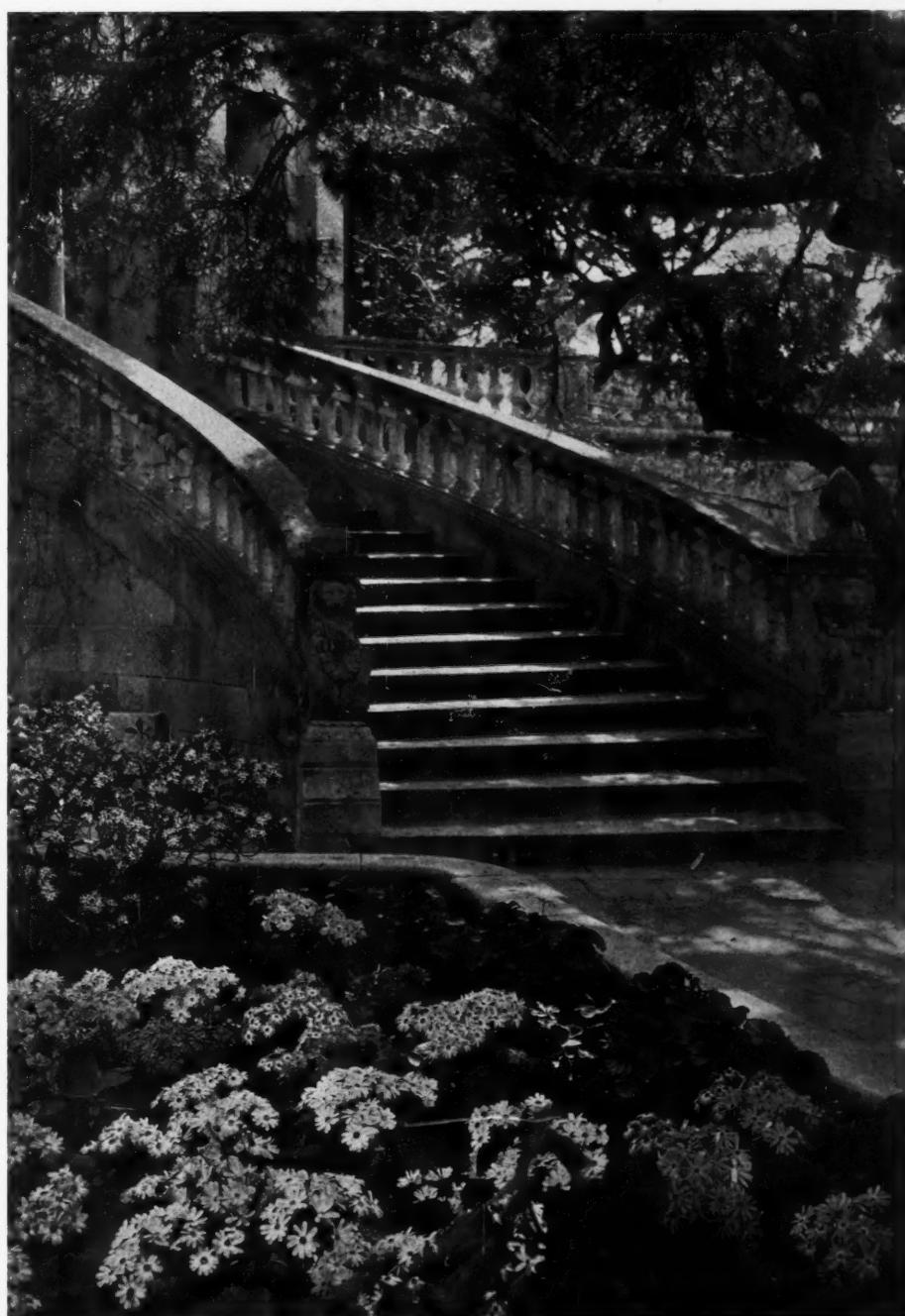
A few paces from the Turret (Fig. 3) one turns one's back on the sea and overlooks the country leading up to the mediaeval town of Notabili, or Citta Vecchia—called by the English sailors, with whom it is a favourite resort, "Chitty Vick"! Its splendid fortifications are crowned by the Archbishop's Summer Palace and the grand old cathedral, which was built on the site of the house of St. Publius, the first Bishop of Malta. He was Governor at the time of the shipwreck of St. Paul, who later on converted and baptised him. The cathedral holds much treasure of richly jewelled altar vessels, vestments and manuscripts, all that it was possible to save from the rapacity of Napoleon's army, which took away three shiploads of valuables from Malta, mostly Church property. Two of the ships were sunk by the English as they were leaving the harbour. It is said that in many cases the old tombs and graves were opened and the treasures hidden among the mouldering bones until the soldiers had gone. Notabili might well be called the "city of ancient peace." Here, in the narrow stone-paved streets and quiet old squares, stand the palaces of the old nobility of Malta, stately, and rather grim with their heavily barred windows and general air of having been built to withstand a siege, but comfortable and peaceful enough inside with their cool, lofty rooms and beautiful old pictures and furniture. There is generally an unsuspected garden at the back, with fountain, flowers and orange trees. Looking into the distance in a photograph through a magnifying glass, one might be struck by the number of churches, for the Maltese are the most devout Catholics in the world, and if one wants to see what their religion means to them one must visit the little village churches for the first mass at dawn, when one will find each one thronged with worshippers, labourers and fishermen in their working clothes, on their way to the fields or the sea, and again at the Ave Maria when their work is done. The whole island is full of sacred stories, some true, some legendary.

Hardly to be seen in the middle distance on the top of the hill is the village of Naxaro, so called because the inhabitants had the honour of drying the clothes of St. Paul and his friends after the shipwreck, and ever thereafter proudly called themselves Naxarinis—or Nazarenes (*x* being *s* or *z* in Maltese).

The actual countryside that is to be seen is cut up into fields of all possible shapes and sizes, some very small indeed; wherever the precious earth is found it is cultivated, surrounded by walls of piled-up stones, and yields abundant harvests.

The owner of the view compares it to a jig-saw puzzle of most vivid colours in the spring and early summer—every shade of green and yellow varied by patches of magnificent crimson clover. The colours vanish all too soon, but even later on the countryside is beautiful, for the soft reds and ochres, pinks and greys of the soil and rocks drink in so much sunlight that they seem to glow with some mysterious inner radiance of their own. They absorb the gorgeous sunsets of summer and autumn, and reflect them back to the evening sky when the sun himself has vanished below the horizon.

The Villa Frere is the scene of a romantic story. The captain of the ship that had brought Mr. Frere and his wife



Copyright.

12.—NEARER VIEW OF THE TEMPLE STAIRS. "COUNTRY LIFE."

to Malta took his vessel on to the Gulf of Corinth with grain and foodstuffs for the Turks. While there he visited the house of a Turkish pasha in a village called Lividostro, which had recently been the scene of a battle between the Turks and the Greeks. One of the inmates of the house was a little Greek girl of four who had been saved from a general massacre by a Turkish soldier. Captain Copper persuaded the pasha to hand the child over to him, and eventually sent her to Mr. Frere. She was obviously "a little lady," as the nurses say, and Mr. Frere and Lady Erroll adopted her and brought her up as their own child. They called her Statyra, after the wife of Darius King of Persia, a famous beauty in her time. The story does not say whether Statyra grew up as lovely as her namesake, but Captain Copper describes her as a "sweet little brown

maid." Her history continues as romantically as it began. A relative of Lady Erroll, Captain William Hope of the 7th Fusiliers, then stationed in Malta, was one day riding by the house when his horse slipped up badly and threw him. The Captain's leg was broken and he was carried into the house, where he remained until it was mended. This gave him time to fall in love with Statyra, and they

were married from the Villa Frere. The "little brown maid" lived to be a "very diminutive old lady," and died in 1881. One wonders if the romance began on the Lovers' Walk, and whether things were finally settled on Engagement Terrace! There could be no more fitting scene for a love story than the beautiful gardens of the Villa Frere.

CELIA CONGREVE.

WIMBLEDON: FIRST WEEK

A FEW years ago much of one's enjoyment in watching the tennis at Wimbledon was ruined by the consistently bad weather the last fortnight in June always seemed to bring forth. One has memories of long, dreary hours spent in watching the rain drip, drip on to the green tarpaulin which guards the Centre Court, so it was not surprising if, after that, one's enthusiasm was rather damped even for the most exciting and brilliant of matches.

However, the law of average has at last come to the rescue, and this year one could not have hoped for more ideal conditions—at any rate from the spectators' point of view—than were to be found at Wimbledon last week. Hot sunshine, blue skies, a gentle cooling breeze. Even if there had been no tennis to watch, no white figures moving rhythmically backwards and forwards across the grass and resembling in their movements the figures of some Greek frieze, it would have been pleasant enough just to sit there and let the sunshine warm one's heart and body. One feels that this effect of pleasant idleness was increased by the fact that the tennis itself last week was rather inclined to be dull. Whether it was because of the enervating weather, or because the draw had not provided for the most interesting of clashes from the point of view of skill, style or temperament, I do not know, but certainly on less than half a dozen occasions were the crowd raised to any real enthusiasm.

One of these, however, came on the very first day of the meeting when Timmer, the Dutch champion, took Cochet to five sets, and actually led at one point by two sets to one. Quite early in the match the Dutchman showed that he is a very greatly improved player since last year, when Cochet had little trouble in defeating him in straight sets. Cochet was playing his usual game of paddling (it is the most descriptive word I can think of for his half-walk, half-run movement) down the centre of the court and hitting a stream of volleys and half-volleys at all angles, just as if he was having a knock-up practice game, and had no thought to the score. But when his opponent, hitting with accuracy and power, especially on the backhand, succeeded in winning a long second set at 10—8, and a not so long third one at 6—4, Cochet seemed suddenly to wake up to the danger of his position and wisely retreated to the back of the court. Even so Timmer crept up to 4—4 in the fourth set, and thus there were only two games between him and victory. These, however, were not destined to be his. The crowd, their sympathies as always with the weaker player, were desperately willing Cochet, one felt, to miss his volleys or those exquisite angled shots for which he is so justly famous; but the Frenchman's only answer was to win the fifth set and the match with quite clearly something to spare. Cochet's



J. BOROTRA.

weakness for never really enjoying a singles match unless it goes to the full five sets is well known, but one cannot help feeling that it is a weakness which may one day cost him dear.

His compatriot Borotra was also taken to the five full sets in his singles match against Lee on Tuesday, but on this occasion there was no question of experimental play on the Frenchman's side of the net. The truth was that Borotra lost the first two sets of the match because Lee was playing too well for him. The Englishman, who is really a much better player than his rather ugly style would suggest to the casual spectator, was hitting with tremendous power on both wings, and Borotra when he came sailing optimistically up to the net found himself passed again and again. At this point, when the Englishman was two sets up and needed only one out of the remaining three for the match, English hopes ran high. Was the French supremacy at last to be broken? Austin's defeat of Borotra earlier in the year was recalled. If Austin, why not Lee? Well, Borotra provided an answer (clearly at the present moment the only answer) by winning the next three sets with the utmost of ease. It was to be noticed that during the two sets he lost he was not wearing his magical beret. And his smile, too, has not been so much in evidence this year. I do hope that this does not mean that Borotra is at last growing up. That would be a great pity, for Wimbledon has become such a serious business altogether these days that comic relief of any kind is joyfully welcomed.

Our great English hope, "Bunny" Austin, in contrast to his draw last year when he had to encounter and defeat Hunter and Brugnon in successive early rounds, had a fairly easy passage to the last sixteen. His impressive display against Landry, whom he allowed only five games in three sets, suggested that he was playing at the top of his form, and English optimists were loudly talking about the possibilities of his reaching the semi-final. Unfortunately for their hopes, they had reckoned without G. S. Mangin, a young American visiting this country for the first time, and whom I have no hesitation in heralding as Tilden's successor in the States.

His match with Austin on the Centre Court on Friday produced easily the best tennis of the meeting to date. In every way—in style, temperament, tactics and physique—these two players provide a very interesting contrast. Whereas Austin is slight and rather frail-looking, the American is thickly set with broad shoulders and a forehand punch which makes the ball come off the court at a tremendous speed, and at first one was reminded of that other match last year between Hunter and Austin. But while Hunter possessed a forehand and nothing



F. J. PERRY.

else, Mangin is equally strong on the other wing, and can volley, too, with judgment and accuracy.

I have never seen Austin playing better than he was in the first two sets of this match, and yet tragically he lost them both, throwing away a lead in each set of 4-2, and, later on, several set points. In the first set, for instance, he was leading 6-5 and forty-love on his service, but was unable to win one of the next three points. This was all the more strange when you remember how relentless Austin usually is over seizing an opportunity of any kind. Instead at this moment of increasing the pace of his service, he sent over such easy deliveries that Mangin was able to bang the ball into his opponent's backhand corner, rush to the net and put away the other's return. In fact, all through the match, whenever Austin was serving and Mangin particularly needed a point, he seemed to have no difficulty in hitting his return of the service in such a way as to provide the easiest of volleys to follow. And I am afraid the moral of this is depressingly clear. Unless Austin seriously sets about improving his service—and certainly there is no improvement in it since last year—he can never hope to be a world champion.

On the other hand, to counterbalance Austin's defeat, there is the very pleasant task of recording the arrival of a new English hope in the person of F. J. Perry. This young player, who is still only twenty years old, was quite unknown up to the last few months in the tennis world. By grit and perseverance he has turned himself in the last two years from an ordinary club player into one who is rapidly approaching international ranking. He caused a sensation last week by his defeat of Baron de Morpurgo, one of the seeded players, but who, unfortunately, never seems able to produce his best form on grass courts. However, that does not detract in the slightest from Perry's performance.

Although led 5-1 in the first set, he did not allow himself to be disheartened as so many young players would have been, but, continuing to go out for winners in the most refreshing and valiant fashion, he crept up and finally won the set at 10-8. He lost the next at 4-6, but won the last two quite comfortably. Morpurgo by this time seemed to be walking about the court in rather a dazed fashion. He had clearly not expected such an aggressive bombardment, such variation of pace and type of shot.

But Perry's triumph was short-lived, in so far as he was destined to be vanquished in the next round by Dr. Gregory, who played better tennis in this match than I, personally, have ever seen him play. Perhaps he felt that his own position as one of England's leading young players was being assailed, for certainly he employed more caution than is his wont. Usually his game is rather of the hit or miss type, spectacular winners followed by a succession of shots going into the net or yards out of court; but in his match with Perry he gave a masterly exhibition of controlled speed.

Perry won the first set 6-3, and also nearly won the second one, but faltered at the crucial moment, and Gregory, having survived that moment of danger, swept through a third set in brilliant fashion. Perry, undaunted, as he had been undaunted by Morpurgo's reputation in the previous round, when Gregory led 3-2 in the fourth set, suddenly began an intensive volleying campaign, and stormed the net with such success that he only lost five more points in that set. However, the effort had exhausted him, and Gregory had little difficulty in winning the last set. His broad shoulders suggest strength, and strength and stamina he has in abundance. In a year or two Perry, I feel, will reverse the result of that match, and with ease.

GODFREY WINN.

WHAT MIGHT HAVE HAPPENED

BY BERNARD DARWIN.

WHEN the last of the Championships is over, and I get home feeling rather limp and tired in the legs, I invariably console myself with the reflection that in the course of all that watching I must have stored up a number of memories that shall keep me going for some time in point of subjects. Just as invariably I find that this is not the case. No doubt it is a sadly egotistical confession, but the fact remains that the "short and simple annals of the poor" golfers, and especially of one's poor self, provide by far the greater amount of material, and, personally, I feel as if I had not played golf for months.

However, when I look back on this last Championship, one or two things do come back into my head, and first among them are some "ifs." An eminent person has said that if Cleopatra's nose had been by some fraction of an inch longer the whole course of the world's history would have been changed. My "if" is connected not with a lady's nose, but a gentleman's head. Going to the second hole in the last round, Mr. Jones's ball from his tee shot pitched on the head of a steward, whence it bounded at a very odd angle into a bunker, whence, again, its owner placed it by a magnificent shot close to the hole and holed his putt in for three. Now, if that resilient gentleman's head had been a little smaller, the ball would presumably have missed it and not have gone into a bunker. Then what would have happened? In all probability Mr. Jones would not have got so near the hole off grass, whether smooth or rough, as he did out of sand. He would have taken a four instead of a three, or he might even have taken three putts and a five. At any rate, everything would have been different.

A slightly different kind of "if" haunts me as to the beginning of Compston's fourth and most catastrophic round. He began by missing a very holeable putt of four feet or so for a four. From that point all went unspeakably ill. Nobody is justified, of course, in going to pieces because of one putt; but these things will happen, and it is likely enough that if he had holed that putt, he would have played very well instead of very badly. He had been wrought up to a high pitch of tension for that wonderful 68 of his in the morning; it must have taken a lot out of him; he wanted a good start to set him off again, and he just did not get it. I can trace this particular "if" a stage farther. A highly distinguished and highly critical professional told me that he watched Compston play his second shot up to that fateful and fatal green. The player took a certain iron out of the bag and the critic knew that it would not quite get him up; he willed with all his might and main that the player would change his club, but after some consideration he stuck to it, and was duly short. The result was a very long putt to lay dead (the first green at Hoylake is a big one); it was not laid quite dead, and so possibly *hinc illæ lacrimæ*. Finally,

then, we get it that if Compston had taken a bigger iron for his second shot in the fourth round at Hoylake the course of golfing history might have been changed. What a futile amusement this "iffing" is! Yet it does rather amuse one.

Another rather futile game consists in wondering what was the best, *the very best*, shot one has seen in all this watching. In this case one has first of all to be clear as to how much regard should be accorded to the circumstances in which the shot was made. There is, for instance, the most perfect shot out of a bunker that I ever did see—namely, the one played by Mr. Jones out of the road bunker at the seventeenth at St. Andrews in his final against Mr. Wethered. He played it with a quite caressing gentleness and yet in something of the explosive manner, and he laid the ball abou at yard from the hole, only to miss the putt. It was a miraculously good shot: but then some demon comes to whisper doubts in my ear. Would he, says the demon, have risked it if his opponent had not been certain of a four? Still more, would he have risked it in a scoring round? Would he not then have played a less delicate but safer shot and tried for a five? These are disturbing questions and I wish the demon would not ask them, because they take away a little of my pleasure in remembering the shot.

To be truly great, I suppose, a shot must be played both at a crisis and from a difficult situation. There was Mr. Jones's shot (I will not mention him again) at the sixteenth hole at Hoylake in the last round. He could not afford to drop a single stroke at the moment; it seemed that he must finish in three fours to have a real chance of winning, and those bunkers at the Dun hole are unpleasant because there is always the chance of getting from one into another. Well, the ball was laid so dead out of that bunker that it was very nearly holed, and if any one shot won the Championship that one did. It was thrilling, but, oddly enough, the stroke that gave me the greatest thrill of æsthetic pleasure at Hoylake was a tee shot of no historic importance at all. It was played by Mr. George Von Elm to the Cop hole in his fourth round. The hole was cut far to the right near the pot bunkers, and the wind was coming from right to left. Ordinary people were being content to get somewhere on the left-hand side of the green, but Mr. Von Elm's ball not merely flew straight as an arrow for the pin, but was so obviously spinning that one knew it would bite the green when it pitched and only run a yard or so. I said to myself "That's a two," and did not even go to see what happened, but I heard afterwards that he had got a two. I am glad I did not go on, because if I had, I should have seen him ruin himself by taking nine at the next hole: and I hate these painful scenes. As I said, that stroke cannot be reckoned a supremely great one, because not enough depended on it, but it made me gasp with joy in the watching, as also did some

of Macdonald Smith's shots, played with such amazing smoothness and accuracy. I do not know anyone who can make a hole look simpler than he can.

The fact that there was hardly any wind in any of the rounds at Hoylake made the number of exciting shots far fewer than usual. Watching champions play in still weather consists largely in seeing them do things which one imagines one could do oneself. One knows one would not do them half so elegantly or half so often, and as to a drive, one knows one could not hit so far; but still, making all due allowances, these shots are not, in still weather, altogether out of the ordinary man's reach. It is different when there is a real wind, such as blew

there when Taylor won in 1913 and was hitting cleek shots of such a quality that, if I shut my eyes, I summon up pictures of them at this very moment. There was not the slightest use in thinking that one could play shots like that; one could not even hope to look half as fierce as Taylor did, and as to hitting the ball—the thing was absurd. And, by the way, I have just been reading a famous cricketer on cricket coaching, and he says that he always insists that the young bowler "wears on his face a determined and ever-threatening expression." Let us learn from the players of another game. That must be what is the matter with the golf of most of us: we don't look "ever-threatening" enough.

MILTON: LOST OR REGAINED

Milton, by E. M. W. Tillyard. (Chatto and Windus, 15s.)

MATTHEW ARNOLD'S "Thou are free" still applies to only one name in English literature; and among the others to "abide our question" during the last few years has figured even Milton.

Mr. Tillyard comes to praise Milton, not to bury him; yet now and then we get a rather entertaining impression that his own fairmindedness has disconcerted him a little, causing him to see things about his subject that he would have preferred not to see.

This impression (for whatever it may be worth) does not make us like Mr. Tillyard and his scholarly, moderate, courteous book any the less. On the contrary, we should have welcomed more of those lightning flashes of wit which illumine a whole subject (Mr. Tillyard modestly calls them "flippant thoughts") as this one does:

We feel that Milton, stranded in his own Paradise, would very soon have eaten the apple on his own responsibility and immediately justified the act in a polemical pamphlet.

At any rate, as Mr. Tillyard admits:

It is extremely salutary that the present age should have begun questioning his right to such an eminence. If this right is allowed, it will be based henceforth on a more reasonable and less superstitious appreciation; if it is disallowed, the sooner Milton is put on his proper level the better.

In fact, either Milton lost or Milton regained.

Mr. Tillyard's own gifts are less polemical than persuasive. He handles Milton's attackers in rather gingerly fashion, but he brings to his study of Milton an attractive gentleness of analysis and of sympathetic understanding—as though Milton were still alive and a friend of his. His book helps not only to explain Milton to us, but to explain us to ourselves. For we feel that, in Mr. Tillyard as in us, Milton sets up (at any rate, to some degree) the stubborn warfare between mind and heart. There is nothing that the mind can deny to Milton, and the greater the mind's degree of cultivation, the greater the admiration. This is the powerful lure felt by every generation since Milton's own, and now felt anew by Mr. Tillyard, himself a distinguished classical scholar. On the other hand, there is much for which, in Milton, the heart seeks in vain, for Milton deliberately willed it so. He chose to work in marble, and the marble endures; but there is that in man which longs also for the poetry that captures the fleeting pigments of the dawn, the ephemeral canvas of the sunset, the darkness of the heart's forest.

Yet it is unjust, as Mr. Tillyard reminds himself and us, to criticise Milton for failing to do what he never set out to do; and he proceeds to investigate the poems from the right standpoint, keeping one eye on the poet, the other on the man. Milton, after all, was human and, like other poets, he employed the "constant method of generalising from personal experience." So we are shown a Milton writing "Lycidas" with his thoughts more on himself than on his dead friend; a Milton demanding freedom of the Press because he is an artist and must be free or die; a Milton writing about divorce because he is unhappily married and about blindness because he has lost his sight: a Milton, in short, whose own experience of life (though sublimated) is the ink into which he dips his pen whenever the resultant lettering is of gold.

This "urgency of personal experience" can be traced even in "Paradise Lost," and Mr. Tillyard, to our advantage, traces it. Not only does he deal illuminatingly with Milton's conscious meanings: he unravels for us also the dim skein of Milton's subconscious thoughts on Satan, Christ and Paradise.

Some telling comparisons are made. Nothing could have been happier than the device of illustrating Milton's comparative coldness towards the Jesus of the Gospels by setting his account of the Crucifixion against a similar passage, but pulsing with intensity of feeling, from Traherne. And, notwithstanding

MILTON: LOST OR REGAINED

Mr. Tillyard's scrupulous reservations and allowances, another comparison is deadly indeed—"the way Shakespeare must have treated the epistles of St. Paul":

There would have been no illusions in Shakespeare's mind about the Pauline nature: he had little in common with that enemy of the flesh. But of what use to express his dislike? Better enjoy the maximum of liberty through a light conformity. And this self-admitted dishonesty we may guess at certainly appears less sinful than the unadmitted dishonesty of Milton in a matter with which he dealt so thoroughly.

The idea of "a wise passiveness" in life or in art, was alien to Milton's strenuous but rigid nature; and one of the best things in this book is the remark that Milton "is perhaps the only man of this type who has translated his mental urge into literature and not into action."

Mr. Tillyard's final judgment is that Milton's "success was not complete, but I believe sufficient to put him in a rank superior to all English poets except Shakespeare." How interesting it would be if we could know how many people to-day—not simply poets or other writers, but all manner of thinking men and women—agree with Mr. Tillyard, and how many with, say, Mr. Herbert Read, for whom Milton has "no immediacy, no impelling influence, no sympathetic power" at the present time."

Milton the poet, at any rate, appears to be in the melting-pot just now; and in Milton the man there were always flaws and to spare. But it is difficult, at least, to imagine that any criticism can ever diminish that towering personality, or any flaw be found in the supreme human virtue which Milton possessed in such abundance: courage. As Mr. Tillyard has it:

The most extraordinary thing about Milton is that having been more disappointed by life than most people, having less humour and human sympathy than some great poets to help him to tolerance, he has a fund of courage sufficient to reconcile him to the life that has fallen so far short of his expectations.

In fact, Milton had the greatness of soul which ended by teaching him that "the inner paradise is the only paradise that matters."

V. H. FRIEDLAENDER.

The Lonsdale Library. THE GAME OF CRICKET. (Seeley Service, 15s. net.)

OLD John Nyren feared that, with the new system of throwing instead of bowling, "the elegant and scientific game of Cricket would decline into a mere exhibition of rough, coarse horseplay." He would be reassured by reading this, the latest, book on cricket, which makes his own "Young Cricketer's Tutor" appear very elementary indeed. A number of distinguished cricketers have contributed to it. Mr. Chapman, for instance, writes on fielding, Mr. Fender on captaincy, Mr. Jardine on batting, Mr. E. G. Martin on bowling, and so on, while we must not forget a particularly entertaining little chapter on the whole art and mystery of scoring, by Strudwick. Some of these authorities write better than others, but they all very clearly know their respective jobs and have both learned and entertaining things to say. They are essentially modern. Mr. Jardine ventures to wonder whether "W. G." really stood with his left toe cocked as high as in the pictures, and Mr. Chapman alludes with cheerful scorn to a drawing, familiar to many of us from another cricket book, "of a gentleman prepared to receive a dropping ball, wearing an evening tie and a thick curly moustache." On the whole, they are very tolerant of the past and they are unquestionably interesting about the present. As to the much abused "two eyed stance," Mr. Jardine says, "Like most red herrings this question is a misnomer," a sentence which hardly does justice to his style. It is, he says, the "open-chested stance" that should really be abused, since it does "make it more difficult to get over to the off side and to take the bat back straight." Mr. Jardine calls the back stroke "the most important stroke in cricket to-day," and says that forward play flourished before the advent of the swerving bowler. "Where before the outswerving ball it had been possible to get on with a forward stroke, and a forward half cock shot, as a substitute for a proper back stroke, now the tendency is all the other way. Scraping trustfully forward to the ball which went with the bowler's arm in the air or off the pitch, was found to result in catches at the wicket or in the slips." It is also interesting to find Mr. Jardine sticking up whole-heartedly for the almost unending Test Match as played in Australia. He says it is perfectly fair and logical, because the object of the match is to get a result; he further says that the players and spectators both

enjoy it, and so that is that. One of the best chapters in the book is that of Mr. Fender on captaincy, full of subtle suggestions that make the ordinary person realise how many things there are in cricket which he has never thought of. The most enthusiastic chapter is certainly that of Mr. D. J. Knight on the coaching of boys, which he proclaims "a noble calling." As a whole, the book is full of good reading for anyone who likes cricket, and is worthy of this admirable modern successor to our old and tried friend the "Badminton." B. D.

Across Iceland, by Olive Murray Chapman. (The Bodley Head, 15s.) IT is a thousand years since the first Parliament was established in Iceland, and the millenary celebrations, to which the British Parliament accepted an invitation to send delegates, commenced on June 25th. Mrs. Murray Chapman, in her vividly written book *Across Iceland*, describes the scene of the Vikings' first Parliament at Thingvellir as a vast plain guarded by rocks and chasms, with a beautiful lake in the background "surrounded with mountains blue and mysterious." It was the mystery and romance of this island, lying on the fringe of the Arctic Circle, which drew the author to explore the less-known regions. Boarding a thousand-ton steamer at Leith last year, she landed at Reykjavik, intending to study not only the physical formation, but as much of the modern conditions as possible. She only knew a few Icelandic words, yet she travelled successfully many hundreds of miles, mostly on ponies, in the south, then through the wild and lonely parts of the west coast, finally reaching the northeast. She put up at lonely farmhouses, depending on the farmers to be her guides through lava-covered wastes and in the fording of rivers. Everywhere she found the same genuine hospitality and culture. The country, full of physical contrasts, is reflected in the character of its people. There is the cold and silent type like the glaciers, and in contrast the fiery and excitable, reflecting the volcanic regions. This book is well illustrated with reproductions of the author's water-colour sketches and photographs, which were recently shown at her lecture before the Royal Scottish Geographical Society, and Mrs. Murray Chapman's word pictures are delightful. To many the most interesting chapter will be the one on Modern Icelandic Art, with an account of the sculpture of Einar Jonsson. He is recognised in many European countries and in America, but what do we know of his work, full of strength and vision? Permission to reproduce photographs of his work was given to Mrs. Murray Chapman, which adds to the value of this book, already filled with historical, social and geographical information enough to satisfy all would-be travellers and those interested in Iceland. A charm and freshness added to all this commends the book to a wide circle of readers.

French Cooking for Everywoman, by Marcellus. Translated from *Les Recettes de Grandmère*. (COUNTRY LIFE, 5s., and 3s. 6d.) TO all those who provide "the good things of life" makes a very suitable dedication for this cookery book, for new ideas for luncheon and dinner ménus are on every page, to say nothing of the delicious and dainty additions that can be made to the afternoon tea-table—the suggestions for sandwiches being particularly excellent. "Grandmère," must, indeed, have kept a superb *cuisine*, and no housewife's bookshelf can be complete without this book, which is written not only with

view to helping the experienced cook, but also the "young and ignorant in the culinary art." No one, however inexperienced, need be afraid to try their hand at any of these appetising dishes. As the preface asserts, each recipe has been well tried, and all are given in the simplest possible form and with a system of measurements which even does away with the necessity of making use of weights and scales. With this book at her elbow, a cook should never be at a loss for variety. For example, she need no longer "make do" with the everlasting boiled or poached egg, or even with the scrambled egg—the refuge of the unimaginative—for the chapter on eggs devotes no fewer than nine pages to delicious, and most of them new, ways of serving this important article of diet. This is only one instance chosen from among many of the ways in which this book will add to the enjoyment of life, whether it be the life of the big country house or that of the small London flat, whether the user of the book is a highly paid cook or an amateur anxious to excel in the art of cookery. But it must not be forgotten that these are French recipes, and that neither in materials nor in times allowed for cooking, need they be slavishly followed to offer a mine of good and fresh suggestions. The illustrations, which are most attractive and, in a cookery book, refreshing in their novelty, are by Gilbert Viardot.

C. C. S.

Many Captives, by John Owen. (Gollancz, 7s. 6d.)

ALL captivity is not of the body, a matter of bolts and bars. That is the *motif* of Mr. Owen's new novel, a lovely and moving piece of work. He shows us some pitiful captives in his picture of Wether Pasture, a Suffolk village; a bird, a deaf man, a child, a miser and an ex-convict—who is still captive though out of prison. And the story of these people, the way they become captive, works up, for all its quietness, to a dramatic and memorable climax. But pity is the dominant note of this understanding story. Mr. Owen shows it and makes us feel it, even for his most unlikeable characters: not only for Gil Southwaite, the ex-Service man, every day set more apart by his deafness, or for the brave wife of the swindler just out of prison, or for the ex-convict himself, so broken in spirit by his captivity, but even for the miserly inn landlord to whom Gil loses his girl. And even she becomes pitiful, captive to a man who is captive to his overwhelming love for money—the very touch and feel of it. The portrait of this man is, perhaps, the most powerful and unforgettable thing in the book—and that is saying a good deal. But most pitiful of all is Crossford, the man out of prison, but still in a prison of the spirit, from which he is only released by Gil's unexpected and heroic confession, that the man as well as the master has been behind prison bars—the real reason why he did not come home for so long after the War, to find his name wrongly in a place of honour on the village war memorial. A good touch of psychology this, one of the many touches which show Mr. Owen's understanding of character, of the bravery and the frailty which are in all of us.

A SELECTION FOR THE LIBRARY LIST.

LORD BALFOUR, by Sir Ian Malcolm (Macmillan, 7s. 6d.); SUDAN AND SAND, by Stella Court Treatt (Harrap, 15s.); EARLY KEYBOARD INSTRUMENTS, by Philip James (Davies, 30s.); Fiction.—PRINTER'S DEVIL, by Clement Dane and Helen Simpson (Hodder and Stoughton, 7s. 6d.); MISS MOLE, by E. H. Young (Cape, 7s. 6d.); WIND FROM THE WEST, by Pamela Hinkson (Macmillan, 7s. 6d.); TONY POTTER, by T. J. Morrison (Murray, 7s. 6d.)

AN EIGHT

IN BRONZE

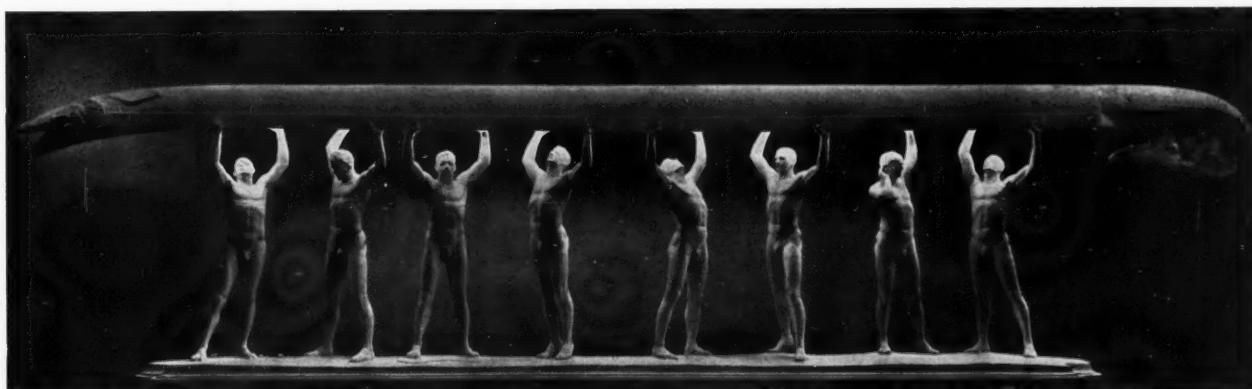
AN exhibition of Tait McKenzie's athletic sculpture is something out of the ordinary run of art exhibitions. At the Fine Art Society's Gallery in Bond Street we find, not the torpid or abstract, though possibly highly aesthetic, ladies beloved by most contemporary sculptors, but clean-limbed young men poised like compressed springs for swift action. Grace of line, movement and youthful character are the qualities that stimulate the sculptor, and the beauty of which he passes on to the spectator. Most of the bronzes and reliefs in this exhibition have been illustrated in my book, *Tait McKenzie, a Sculptor of Youth*. But the model for the Wolfe statue at Greenwich is new, and this latest work has never been seen before.

This is the 8ft. long bronze group of an eight carrying their shell, the figures in which provide as many variations on the theme of nude athletes, and, to anybody with an eye for a crew, all kinds of shrewd observations. The shell itself has been curtailed for convenience, the bows into the head of a fish and the stern into its tail, curled round to accommodate a diminutive cox. Inside the upturned shell is a concealed light that shows

up dramatically the figures of the oarsmen. Each of these, on inspection, reveals a different personality, expressed in his physique and stance. Bow and stroke are typical oarsmen; in fact, the model for stroke was the stroke of last year's Harvard eight. No. 2 is a big man, over 6ft. tall, in contrast to the broad and stocky No. 3, his short legs suggesting a powerful, if rather restricted, stroke. Nos. 4 and 5, as they should be, are heavy and strong. But No. 6, small boned and lithe, is the aristocrat type, who would give the boat the style which some of its members probably lack—notably No. 7. This man is rather fat and distinctly lazy—he is probably late on stroke and the coach is taking a big risk leaving him at No. 7 instead of bringing 4 or 5 up to this responsible place.

I hope some rowing club will acquire this group. It is the only piece of sculpture I have seen or heard of that takes a whole crew as its subject. It would be a fine thing to set on the long table of a club, the ingenious concealed lighting, which might illuminate the table for reading or writing, making it a useful as well as an exceedingly decorative object.

CHRISTOPHER HUSSEY.



AN EIGHT CARRYING THEIR SHELL, BY R. TAIT MCKENZIE.
In the exhibition at the Fine Art Society's Gallery.

AT THE THEATRE

IN CYNARA'S FASHION

I WONDER if anybody to-day remembers Ernest Dowson, that typical figure of the 'nineties. Dowson's story is simple. He was born at The Grove, Belmont Hill, Lee, Kent, on August 2nd, 1867; he died at 26, Sandhurst Gardens, Catford, S.E., on Friday morning, February 23rd, 1900, and was buried in the Roman Catholic part of the Lewisham Cemetery on February 27th. He entered Queen's College, Oxford, and left in 1887 without taking a degree, after which he came to London and took to hashish and drinking and cabmen's shelters. During the later years of his life he lived almost entirely in France. Then he came back to London and was found starving and almost penniless in a Bodega, where a friend who was hardly any better off took him to the bricklayer's cottage in Catford where he was himself living and looked after him for six weeks, at the end of which Dowson died. "He did not realise that he was going to die," writes Arthur Symons, "and was full of projects for the future, when the £600 which was to come to him from the sale of some property should have given him a fresh chance in the world; began to read Dickens, whom he had never read before, with singular zest; and, on the last day of his life, sat up talking eagerly till five in the morning. At the very moment of his death he did not know that he was dying. He tried to cough, could not cough, and the heart quietly stopped." Yet this young man wrote "an intoxicating and perhaps immortal music" all of which is contained in one small volume. He was no ordinary Bohemian of disrepute whose works would be issued after his death in a volume with a memoir by Arthur Symons, illustrated by Aubrey Beardsley and with a portrait by William Rothenstein. "The death of Ernest Dowson," said the memoir, "will mean very little to the world at large, but it will mean a great deal to the few people who care passionately for poetry. A little book of verses, the manuscript of another, a one-act play in verse, a few short stories, two novels written in collaboration, some translations from the French, done for money; that is all that was left by a man who was undoubtedly a man of genius, not a great poet, but a poet, one of the very few writers of our generation to whom that name can be applied in its most intimate sense." But what of this Dowson?—the reader may ask. "The concernancy, sir? Why do we wrap the gentleman in our more rawer breath?" The answer is that Dowson's best poem, "Non Sum Qualis Eram Bonae Sub Regno Cynarae," provides the title for the new play at the Playhouse which Messrs. H. M. Harwood and R. Gore Browne rather ineptly call "Cynara." The hero of Dowson's poem was obviously the perpetual and practised amorist. This, I think, must be concluded from the verse:

I have forgot much, Cynara! gone with the wind,
Flung roses, roses riotously with the throng,
Dancing, to put thy pale, lost lilies out of mind;
But I was desolate and sick of an old passion,
Yea, all the time, because the dance was long:
I have been faithful to thee, Cynara! in my fashion.

Which on any other basis of reasoning makes nonsense. Also the contention is explicit in the title of the poem. But Jim Warlock, the hero of the present play, was not one of this sort. He was a staid barrister who went for a turn round the room, and to the very end of the play remained exactly the man he had always been—that is, under the good reign and thumb of Mrs. Warlock.

What happened was this. Mrs. Warlock went to Aix for six weeks, taking with her a young sister whom she wanted to keep out of mischief with an intrepid cinema-actor who was given to descending in a parachute into the gardens of houses where there were attractive young ladies. Jim and Clemency Warlock were a happily married couple, and it was understood that during a separation of a paltry six weeks nothing would happen to disturb what Gray did not call the even tenor of their way. It was understood that Jim's sober wishes would not learn to stray and that he would continue along the cool sequester'd vale of life normal to barristers with chambers in and about the Temple. Unfortunately, the cat being away, the poor mouse, who was Jim, went out to dine in Soho in company with a man of Soho's world. There the twain, as Mr. Bennett would say, met a couple of chits from a dress-making establishment; and some days later the barrister was persuaded to open some public baths of which, of course, the two young ladies were the principal ornaments, social and natatory. So ornamental, indeed, was Doris, that Jim gave her a prize in the Beauty Competition. Whereby that young woman took such a header into bliss that she sprained her ankle and had perforce to be carted home in Jim's extravagant limousine.

After a decorous interval she became his mistress, and then, of course, the beautiful, exotic, languorous and purring cat, who was Mrs. Warlock, returned from Aix and the poor mouse had to stay at home. All this middle part of the play was excellent and compensated us for the dank displeasingness of the baths at Farmer's Green. There was a scene in Kensington Gardens, incidentally beautifully produced by Sir Gerald du Maurier. All we saw was a park seat, but we guessed that it was a wet evening towards six o'clock. Bowler-hatted and depressed Jim was returning miserably home to wife, magnificence, and a dinner party, and here was this wretched little girl, exquisitely presented by Miss Celia Johnson, who had to be told that affairs of that sort could not last for ever. To-night he must dine at home, to-morrow he had promised to take his wife to the theatre; he wasn't sure about Wednesday, and would try to write on Thursday. The tragedy is common enough, and it is to be imagined that some withers in the audience were sufficiently wrung. Jim liked the little girl in a way which had nothing to do with his sober, solid, jog-trotting affection for Mrs. Warlock. But Jim was Doris's whole existence. She had promised to give him up when the time came, and, now that the time had come, clutched desperately at her escaping happiness. Even over her dressmaking she had been miserable and had wept or spilled a cup of tea over Lady Somebody's creation in gooseberry faille. Madame had been very angry and had given poor Doris the sack and a pound of salts of lemon with which to restore the gown. What happened to that garment we do not know, a police-inspector confining himself to the statement that poor Doris had swallowed the salts of lemon. So there was a Crowner's Quest, and poor Jim, put in the box, cut a very sorry figure. He had no notion that the girl contemplated suicide: but then gentlemen who lead that kind of life should have such notions. He had not given her any money, but could not very well explain her and his delicacy in that respect. He was a villain who had seduced an unsuspecting maid, but could or would not reveal the fact that he was not her first lover. A tragic mess, you see, because the greater part of it had not been of Jim's seeking, which is the last thing that a coroner's jury is likely to understand. So Jim lost his position at the Bar and had to retire to Tanganyika to dam a lake or do those things by which the victims of tragic circumstances compose and remake their souls. Whereupon Mrs. Warlock rose from her divan on Capri's most luxurious balcony and said off-handedly: "Better get a cabin on the port-side as it's going to be hot and we shall want all the air we can get!" "We!" cried Jim. And the lady smiled subtle assent. "Don't be afraid, Jim," she added, giving him a masterly hand. "Mrs. Warlock will never desert Mr. Warlock!" Sir Gerald du Maurier's shoulders were at that moment turned to the audience and I could not see the look on Jim's face. But it did just occur to me that facing Tanganyika's crocodile-infested swamp alone is one kind of hell, but that to perspire in the company of the never-forgetting Mrs. Warlock would be another and possibly the more unpleasant one. There wouldn't, you see, be any more occasions for nonsense. Jim in the future would have to be faithful to his Cynara not in his fashion but in hers. The piece is curiously good and curiously bad, though the excellence of its acting makes it well worth a visit. Sir Gerald du Maurier and Miss Gladys Cooper play with great and self-sacrificing restraint, whereby Miss Celia Johnson's performance of Doris is allowed to emerge and shine so that we can all take it for the pure jewel that it is.

GEORGE WARRINGTON.

THE PLAYBILL

New Arrivals.

THE BEAUX' STRATAGEM.—*Royalty.*

"Keen satire is the business of the stage."—*Prologue to "The Beaux' Stratagem."*

THE SWAN.—*St. James's.*

"A power of fine ladies."—*Bonniface in Act I, Scene 1.*

CYNARA.—*The Playhouse.*

"The couple joined, and the couple parted."—*Archer in Act V, Scene 4.*

DESIRE.—*New.*

"The French are a people that can't live without their gallantries."—*Mrs. Sullen in Act II, Scene 1.*

THE LOVE RACE.—*Gaiety.*

"There's nothing in this without a precedent."—*Archer in Act II, Scene 2.*

CORRESPONDENCE

"THOUGHTS AT OLYMPIA."

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Mr. Ball, in his "Thoughts at Olympia," in your last week's issue, raises a point which cannot be too often emphasised. Throughout the countryside, among farmers and others, the only standard of schooling is "Master him." "If he won't do it, hit him." "Show him you're the master." These are the expressions one can hear daily among these horse-breakers. They seldom read a book and, perhaps, never see COUNTRY LIFE, so how can they learn that there are better ways of schooling? They have learnt their methods from their parents and their grandparents, and they will teach them to their sons and their grandsons. But those who have studied both methods have no doubt which is the best, and the successes of the British officers at Olympia last week are sufficient proof that quiet handling produces the best results. The difficulty is to get that principle disseminated throughout the countryside. Perhaps The Institute of the Horse, which was founded for this and kindred purposes, will apply their good organising ability to do the work that is so badly wanted in this respect.—M. F. McTAGGART, Lieutenant-Colonel.

SIESTA.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—A queer place in which to take a nap! On the hard *pavé* of a busy street, and right under the noses of a yoke of oxen, whose nobly spreading horns look formidable enough to strike terror to the hearts of even those who are not usually timid! But the small teamster chooses the spot for his siesta of set purpose. He is determined that when he wakes up it shall not be to find his charges missing, and goes to sleep in full confidence that they will neither walk round him nor trample him under hoof. But his risk is slight, for why should they move at all? The day is hot, and to walk is exertion; and "Weary Willie" is writ large all over their expressive features. Wherefore —*requiescat in pace!*—HUBERT ARMSTRONG.

A HOUSE IDENTIFIED.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—For some time Messrs. Knoedler have been trying to identify the great house shown in a picture by J. N. Sartorius in their possession a photograph of which I enclose. It was obviously a very important building, but not even COUNTRY LIFE was able to put a name to it. At last they have run the place to earth. Quite by chance the other day a gentleman walked in and said, "Hullo, that is Thorndon Hall in Essex, which was burnt down during last century." In Thomas Wright's *History and Topography of the County of Essex* (1835) the house is described and illustrated with a drawing which exactly corresponds to Sartorius's presentation of it. In front of the house is seen a meet of the hounds of which each Lord Petre was successively Master. The mansion, which Thomas Wright describes as a "princely residence," was built from designs and under the direction of the celebrated architect, James Paine (1725-89), for the ninth Lord Petre. Paine also designed Lord Petre's house in Park Lane. The south front of Thorndon Hall had a noble portico, with six beautiful Corinthian pillars looking over a lawn which slopes gently away

from the house and from which a wonderful view over the Thames into Kent can be had. The interior contained a magnificent hall with many fine portraits of the family. The founder of the mansion entertained George III there after the review of the camp at Warley. The

successful, and each year I have continued to plant nasturtiums and have never found them fail. I recorded the results in COUNTRY LIFE a few years ago. This year I noticed on a standard rose tree (Lady Butterfly) an unusual number of greenflies, almost every leaf and bud was covered. A fortnight ago I planted a single nasturtium plant about seven inches high at the base of the rose tree and within a week the greenflies began to disappear; to-day (June 14th) the tree is practically free from the insect. The purport of my letter is to try to induce someone, who has the time and necessary conditions, to investigate this subject, with a view to discovering what it is in the nasturtium plant that is so obnoxious to the greenfly. If the particular ingredient could be isolated and made up in the form of a spray fluid it might form an aphicide of great economical importance. Incidentally, might I enquire if any aphid is known to attack the nasturtium? —WALTER E. COLLINGE.

THE BIRTHPLACE OF ANNE BOLEYN.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Having read Mr. Hussey's most interesting account of Blickling Hall in COUNTRY LIFE and noticed his remarks on the fact that in 1767 men were employed in pulling down the "old Hall" and his suggestion that possibly this means the Jacobean hall of the existing house, I think that the following note may be of interest to you. It was written by Hudson Gurney (1775-1864) in the margin of the account of Blickling in Blomefield's *Norfolk*. The Mr. Bulwer whom he quotes was, I suppose, Wm. Bulwer (b. 1799) of Heyden, elder brother of Lord Lytton and Lord Dalling. The note is as follows:

"Dec. 7th, 1842.

"Mr. Bulwer says that the *Division* between the two parks is still distinctly traceable—and that both are included in the present Park as well as some fields between them, & that the foundations of Buildings exist towards Wolterton which was the Bishops side & appears to have been bounded by the river & that the present house was built upon the *Boleyn's* site, and the *northwest tower*, of a different masonry to the Rest,—was a part of the *Boleyn's* house allowed to remain—the adjacent room being that in which it is stated that Anna Boleyn was born."

(I have copied the note exactly as it is written.) Having this note in my mind, the next time that I went to Blickling I looked at the north-west tower particularly, and found, as stated, that it is "of a different masonry," and shows signs of having been altered to make it conform with the other towers, *i.e.*, windows altered and blocked up, and

if you look at your plan you will see that it is smaller than the other towers and has thicker walls. This rather looks as if the whole or greater part of that side of the house had been the old Boleyn's Hall or part of it. Have you ever heard the tradition that the coffins of the Hobarts and their predecessors are accustomed to move about at night—I have heard the word "dance"—in the vault under the church? I cannot close without saying how much I appreciate your article on it and the excellent illustrations in COUNTRY LIFE.—CECIL F. GURNEY.



IN THE HEAT OF THE DAY.

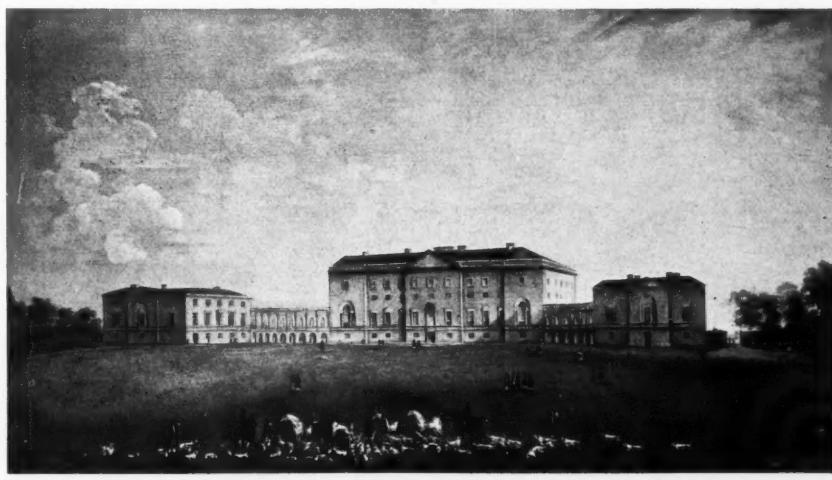
centre part of the house was burnt down over fifty years ago, and what is left of it is now used as a golf club. After the fire, Lord Petre took up his residence at the old family place at Ingatstone Hall.—C. H. HEALEY.

[We are most interested to hear of this identification. We had got so near the truth as to form the opinion that the house was most likely designed by Paine, and at one time considered it to be Wardour Castle, Wilts, till comparison with a photograph disposed of that possibility.—ED.]

NASTURTIUMS AND GREENFLY.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Some years ago a correspondent wrote a letter to COUNTRY LIFE pointing out that if nasturtiums were planted around apple trees affected with the woolly aphid this troublesome and injurious insect disappeared. Having some old apple trees very badly infested with this pest I tried the experiment and found it quite



THORNDON HALL IN ESSEX, BY J. N. SARTORIUS.

"A GIANT RUBBER TREE."

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR.—I was interested in reading the account of "T." in your issue of April 26th, and may remark that to those of us whose business since the early days of this present century has necessitated close touch with the rubber plantation industry, the question he raises is simple to answer. The *Ficus elastica* is only one species of the gum genus which produce caoutchouc, labelled "rubber" in the days of our childhood for the simple reason that it was used for the purpose of rubbing out answers to problems or questions which were not correct. In the early days of planting rubber in Malaya it is a fact that several estates or planters, in addition to planting out *Hevea brasiliensis*, also planted *Ficus elastica*; but that was in the experimental days, and it did not take long, as things go in the rubber plantation world, to ascertain that "Ficus," as we called it for short, was no good. The representation of the *Ficus* tree as given by "T." is quite normal for a ten year old tree; they grow very rapidly, but when mature they do not bleed or give latex (milk) in the same manner as does the *Hevea*. The method of getting the caoutchouc from the *Ficus* was to climb the tree and hack it with a hatchet or parang, and let it bleed and then to collect the coagulum from the surface of the limb of the tree. The amount of coagulum so produced was not commensurate with the labour involved, anyhow as compared with the produce per unit from the *Hevea* species. It was therefore discarded wholesale, and I remember in one particular estate we cut it all out, and I can assure Mr. "T." that the labour involved in digging out the tortuous roots involved many curses on them. The tree that "T." is thinking

with eight wicked cuts daily.—J. S. M. RENNIE.

A VICTOR AT DELHI.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR.—I send you a photograph of Princess Kamalavji Gaekwar of Baroda's English pony *Shiveta* with Gigi (Vikram Gaekwar) in the saddle. It was the winner of the first prize in the children's hacks, class No. 12, at the Imperial Delhi Horse Show, 1930. I hope you may like to publish it in one of the numbers of COUNTRY LIFE.—L. GAEKWAR.

"HARD THINGS ARE COMPASSED OFF BY EASY MEANS."

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR.—In your Summer Number a correspondent gives a picture of the grooves made in the ironwork of a canal bridge by the action of tow ropes that had collected grit, etc., off the tow path. On a recent visit to the convict establishment at Port Blair I was told of a convict who had effected a temporary escape by cutting through the iron bars of his cell door with a piece of coir yarn that had been rolled in brick dust. On his recapture the convict demonstrated that by this means he was able to file through an iron bar about the thickness of one's finger in about four hours.—F. DALRYMPLE HAMILTON.

THE SINCEREST FLATTERY.

TO THE EDITOR.

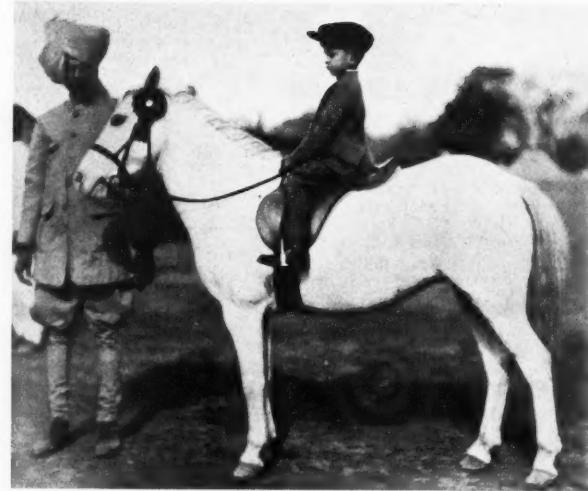
SIR.—Here is a little picture which shows how well Nature can, on occasion, imitate art. At the right-hand end of the greenhouse is an artificial ornament, which may be vaguely described as a "curly wiggle." In the middle is an aloe pushing its nose through and trying to look as like the curly wiggle as it possibly can.—L.

A GIPSY FESTIVAL IN FRANCE.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR.—Every May there are to be seen on the roads in Southern France great numbers of gypsies making pilgrimage to Saintes Maries in the Rhone delta in honour of their patron Saint Sarah. There twenty centuries ago landed Saint Marie Jacobi and Saint Marie Salome with Sarah, their servant. On midnight of May 26th the festival begins with a Mass, but the great event is the procession of gypsies and the blessing of the sea. The gypsies carry to the beach the sacred vessel containing the

AN ENGLISH PONY IN BARODA.



NATURE IS THE PERFECTION OF ART.

of when he mentions the straight stem and the well defined crown is undoubtedly the species *Hevea brasiliensis*, which has a clean smooth trunk up to twelve to twenty feet from the collar, and top of that a well defined crown with normal branches much on the same lines as our lime tree in dear old England. We used to tap the *Hevea* on the herring-bone system, about eight or ten wicked "cuts" leading to a channel which again led to the collecting cup; but we have learnt wisdom as regards "bark reserves," and we now only make one cut about the half or third of the circumference of the stem, and only on alternate days, and year in and year out we get more dry rubber per tree per annum than we did when, in our ignorance, we bled the tree

to look as like the curly wiggle as it possibly can.—L.

"THE HERON AT HOME."

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR.—*Apropos* of Miss Turner's delightful article in the Summer Number of COUNTRY LIFE, a friend tells me that, several years ago, while living at a farm outside a certain village in North Yorkshire, he and his brothers once came across a heron having a badly injured wing. The finders took the bird home, despite the circumstance that, on the way, it made more than one attempt to peck them with its dagger-like bill. Upon arrival at the farm, the heron was placed in a large enclosure, and provided with food in the form of small fishes caught in a neighbouring stream. The long-legged arrival soon became tame and trustful, allowing any member of the family to stroke its head and back. Strangers, however, were not so favoured. On one occasion, a visitor attempted to caress the bird and, in consequence, narrowly escaped a thrust that easily might have been serious. The wound, inflicted just beneath the lower lid of the right eye, left a scar which remains until to-day. Not fishes alone, but various scraps from the table, composed the heron's dietary. Soaked bread, bread and milk, vegetables and pieces of meat were consumed with avidity. Dead rats and mice, too, always were welcome. This interesting pet wandered at will about the farmyard, returning at night to a wire-netting enclosure, and, apparently, it was quite content with its surroundings. In this state it remained for a period of nearly a year; but, unfortunately, after that time had elapsed, the injury to its wing caused further trouble. The wound broke open again, and, one morning, the bird was found lying in a corner of the enclosure, dead. That a wild and wary bird such as the heron should become tame so quickly and so thoroughly as did the one that is the subject of this note, seems rather remarkable.—CLIFFORD W. GREATOREX.



A SPEECH BY THE GIPSY KING.



THE BISHOP PUTS OUT TO SEA.

July 5th, 1930.

A CROWDED WEEK'S RACING

TWO DERBYS AND A NEWBURY CUP.

SINCE last writing we have had two Derbys decided—the Irish and the North—the Newbury Summer Cup and the Northumberland Plate. In the aggregate there has been a whole mass of racing at places so wide apart as Newbury and Newcastle, Brighton and Birmingham, Sandown Park and Haydock Park, and The Curragh.

While the horses taking part in the race for the Irish Derby were foaled in Ireland it is also a fact that the first six in the race were from English training stables. Rock Star, who won for Sir Mathew Wilson, has been trained by Walter Nightingall at Epsom. The second, Writ, is the property of Lord Astor; and the third, Christopher Robin, as recently as the previous week created a big surprise at Ascot by beating Rustom Pasha and Iliad for the St. James's Palace Stakes.

Rock Star did not cost his owner much as a yearling, for his sire, Sherwood Starr, cannot possibly be brought into the category of fashionable stallions. As the sire of the Irish Derby winner, a race worth just over £4,000, he has certainly done well now. For the Northumberland Plate Lord Derby was represented by West Wicklow, who will be remembered as the winner of the last Cesarewitch. He failed by a neck to beat Lady Ludlow's mare Show Girl. In the course of two weeks, therefore, we have had Son in Law siring the winners of the Ascot Gold Cup, the Northumberland Plate, the Ascot Gold Vase, and the Prince of Wales's Stakes at Ascot. I come now to the Newbury Summer Cup, and I have seldom known the Newbury course quite so hard as this time. Included among the eight runners were Old Orkney, carrying 8st. 13lb. I thought he looked wonderfully fresh remembering the hard race he had with Brown Jack over two and three-quarter miles for the Alexandra Stakes at Ascot. Buoyant Bachelor, who ran well for the Ascot Stakes, was a fancied runner, and for favourite we had Paul Caret,

We saw a fine finish in which Paul Caret just managed to last out and win by a head from Buoyant Bachelor. Only a neck away in third place was Old Orkney, who was travelling the fastest of the three when passing the judge, which went to confirm one's ideas that he would probably have won had his jockey been able to begin his run earlier. He was prevented from doing so through being hemmed in near the rails.

Paul Caret has had a curious career. He originally belonged to Stanley Wootton, who did not give much for him as a yearling. His start was in selling races, and on one occasion he was bought in for 125 guineas! How absurd was that figure was shown when Wootton brought him to Newmarket, backing him heavily

and having a substantial win. Now the Epsom owner-trainer is made to pay to retain his selling plate winners at Newmarket. Bidding seems to be released from the bonds that grip it elsewhere, and on this occasion Mr. W. A. M. Singer decided that Paul Caret was worth quite a lot of money, and so he went on bidding until Wootton finally dropped out, leaving Paul Caret in Mr. Singer's ownership for 1,450 guineas.

I think, perhaps, the only point about the Brighton Meeting is that it permitted Lord Glanely to continue that extraordinary turn of luck which may be said to have set in with the Ascot Meeting. There he won three races. He won three at Brighton, making nine successes worth close on £8,000 inside a fortnight. His Brighton winners were Grandmaster, who had won the Wokingham Stakes at Ascot; Burgee, who had won the Royal June Handicap at Windsor; and Grand Prince, who had been second to the Recorder for the Queen Anne Stakes at Ascot.

I find I cannot keep Lord Glanely out of the news for long. He bobs up again when I come to deal with Sandown Park, for on the opening day he won the Sandringham Foal Stakes with Singapore from seven others. Second was Lord Woolavington's Callonby, and third was Tillicum, for whom the extreme breeding allowance was claimed. Singapore, therefore, gave 17lb. to the third, though he himself had not won a race of any sort before.

To my mind the most interesting point about this race was that three of the runners cost in the aggregate as yearlings close on 30,000 guineas!

I do not think I have ever watched so many close finishes in four days as was my experience at Newbury and Sandown Park last week. On the concluding day of the latter meeting there were two dead heats and only short head margins separating the first three for the June Rose Handicap of a mile and five and a half furlongs. One of the dead heats occurred in the race for the British Dominion Two Year Old Plate between the favourite, Mr. A. E. Berry's Charlwood, trained by Martin Hartigan, and Sir Hugo Cunliffe-Owen's Empire Crusade. The latter, to the surprise of onlookers, was able to get up on the post when it seemed long odds on the other having the race won.

Charlwood is a son of Stratford and was bought for Mr. Berry at the Dublin sales last year. Empire Crusade is by Orpheus from Vervelle, and was bred by his owner.

Coster Boy won the June Rose Handicap for Mr. W. M. Singer, and so added to notable successes of this owner during the present season. It was one of the most thrilling finishes I have seen for along time.

PHILIPPOS.

THE ESTATE MARKET

LINKS WITH JANE AUSTEN

SCOTTISH SPORT.

AMONG the estates to be dealt with by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley are Durris, 16,000 acres on Deeside, with grouse moor, six and a half miles of salmon fishing and fifty-two farms; Kildonan, Arnsheen, Glen-druisk and part of Pinmore, 15,000 acres in Ayrshire, for Captain Euan Wallace; Rannoch, Perthshire, 65,650 acres with stalking, grouse shooting, loch and river fishing; the deer forest of North Morar, Inverness, 10,000 acres, one of the best smaller forests; Inshes, Inverness, a sporting estate of 1,185 acres; Castle Menzies with Farleyer Lodge, Upper Strathtay, with its historic castle, 11,000 acres and salmon fishing in the Tay and Lyon, for the administrators of the late Lord Barnby; Castle Fonab, 2,000 acres on the Tummel in Perthshire; Tillicoultry, 1,529 acres, within easy reach of Gleneagles golf; and Muckairn, 1,710 acres on the shore of Loch Etive, Argyllshire.

ROOD ASHTON.

ROOD ASHTON, one of the principal seats in Wiltshire, with park of 380 acres, between Trowbridge and Westbury, is to be offered by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley and Messrs. Simmons and Sons early next month. The stone mansion, domestic Gothic, contains six reception-rooms and forty-three bedrooms. In the park there is a cricket ground, and a lake of 7 acres. The home farm is one of the best dairy farms in the district.

To-day (Saturday), at Norwich, Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley will sell Hackford Hall and Gimingham, over 1,000 acres. Hackford Hall is close to Reepham and Whitwell, 590 acres; and Gimingham, 414 acres, adjoining Mundesley; and both estates provide first-rate shooting.

For executors, Messrs. Hampton and Sons have sold Sherwood, Herongate, near Rickmansworth, a freehold residence with two garages, and grounds of 14 acres, also

an adjoining freehold bungalow and cottage, paddock and small orchard of in all nearly 2 acres with valuable frontages, which were to have been offered at an "upset" price of £2,900.

Messrs. Hampton and Sons announce having sold privately before the auction Leigham Manor, Plympton, a fine old manor house with 33½ acres of gardens and pasture, and fishing of about a mile and a half, where good catches of salmon and brown trout have been made.

Russ Hill, Charlwood, a large house on the Surrey and Sussex borders, with 69 acres of park and woodland, has been sold by Messrs. Crow to a client of Messrs. St. Quintin, Son and Stanley. An old farmhouse and the surrounding land near the residence had been previously sold by the firm.

WEIR BANK, BRAY.

SIR HUGO CUNLIFFE-OWEN'S Weir Bank estate of 187 acres at Bray, with a long Thames frontage between Windsor and Maidenhead, will be offered as a whole or otherwise on July 9th by Messrs. Lane, Saville and Co. and Messrs. J. H. Humfrey and Co. A freehold of 7 acres between Richmond and Staines is for sale by Messrs. Dudley W. Harris and Co. (Staines).

Messrs. Maple and Co., Limited (Tottenham Court Road) offer a modern house, less than a mile from Three Bridges Station, with over 3 acres, commanding views of Worth Forest and Balcombe Forest. It would be let at £200 a year or sold for £3,750. A copy of a Tudor farmhouse and 4 acres, near Haslemere, may be bought for £3,500, or, with 26 acres additional, for £5,500. Messrs. Maple and Co. have for sale a new house at Talbot Woods, Bournemouth, in a large freehold garden, for £3,500.

Sales effected by Messrs. Constable and Maude include Deanlands, near East Grinstead; an old-fashioned residence with 65 acres;

THE recent publication in the Estate Market page of COUNTRY LIFE of a letter from one who was privileged to receive by word of mouth the personal impressions of Jane Austen from a lady who had resided at Chawton and Godmersham Park with the great novelist, has produced a crop of letters containing information or conjectures respecting Jane Austen's life in East Kent. The subject arose in connection with the coming sale, by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley, of Knowlton Court, between Canterbury and Sandwich, for Major E. J. L. Speed, M.C. The estate, 1,936 acres, includes a fine old Tudor house with dower house and nine farms. The Manor of Knowlton was mentioned in Domesday Book and after the Conquest was granted to Bishop Odo. It belonged to Admiral Sir John Narborough, whose two sons were shipwrecked off the Scilly Islands when serving with their stepfather, Admiral Sir Clodesley Shovel. (The property was the subject of a special article in COUNTRY LIFE, Vol. XXXIX, page 534.)

Rowling Court (Lot 5 of the estate) adjoins Rowling House, where, says "A Maid of Kent" who has written to us this week, "Jane Austen spent part of August and September, 1796, with her brother Edward and his wife, Elizabeth. Rowling belonged to Elizabeth's people. Jane wrote four or five amusing letters to Cassandra from there, about the entertainments going on in the country houses of her friends around."

The Aeolian Hall was withdrawn, at the last bid of £144,000, by Mr. William Gibson, D.S.O. (Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley), last Monday. The company filled the large hall in Hanover Square.

Iwerne Minster, the late Mr. J. H. Ismay's mansion, and 3 256 acres in Dorset, have been sold by Messrs. Rawlence and Squarey, to a client of Messrs. John D. Wood and Co., within a few days of the auction (at which it was bought in at just under £100,000).

Pixton Hill House, Forest Row, a sixteenth century residence and 24 acres; Adbury House, Newbury, a Georgian house in parklands of 50 acres; and Canberra, Kingston Hill, a modern residence, with Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley. The firm has issued illustrated particulars of Rydes Hill House, Guildford, which they are to offer on July 29th next.

BERKELEY SQUARE ESTATE OFFICES.

MOUNT STREET, Grosvenor Square, will lose a firm of agents who have for over half a century held premises in it, when Messrs. John D. Wood and Co. move on the 14th instant to Berkeley Square. They have bought one of the mansions on the east side of the Square and have converted it into offices of a very elaborate and efficient type. Further details of the removal will be given next week.

Over 1,600 acres of Chillesford Lodge estate, near Orford, part of the late Lord Manton's Sudbourne estate, have been sold by Messrs. John D. Wood and Co., who will sell the remaining 2,850 acres and a small residence on July 15th at Ipswich. It is first-rate Suffolk sporting land.

For Mr. C. S. Gordon Clark the freehold residential property Fetcham Lodge, near

Leatherhead, 193 acres, including the residence containing on two floors thirteen bed and dressing rooms, two bathrooms, three reception rooms, billiard room, home farm of 14½ acres, model farmery with nearly 2 acres and valuable woodland, have been sold by Messrs. Nightingale, Page and Bennett and Messrs. John D. Wood and Co. since the auction.

Stockerston Hall, near Uppingham, from which hunting with "Fernies," the Woodland Pytchley and Cottesmore is obtainable, has been sold by Messrs. Harding and Harding. The residence, modernised at a considerable expense, stands in a park of 150 acres.

Pippbrook, Dorking, a house in the Gothic Renaissance style, has been bought by the Dorking local authority, for conversion into public offices and a library, and the grounds of 6 acres will be a public park.

Further Saverne sales are reported by Messrs. Fox and Sons, who conducted a second sale of this estate at Marlborough. The original sale included 24,578 acres. Of this, all but 2,740 acres were sold, and they have now found purchasers for five farms with an aggregate area of 1,277 acres, sixty-four cottages, eleven blocks of allotment land and a number of small holdings. In all, ninety lots were disposed of for a total of £15,966. This

brings Messrs. Fox and Sons' realisations on this estate to £242,410.

Among recent sales by Messrs. Deacon and Allen are The Coppice, Great Missenden (in conjunction with Messrs. Reginald G. Meadow), overlooking the valley of the Chesh; 14, Cleveland Square; 68, Gloucester Terrace; 45, Hyde Park Square; 3, Hyde Park Terrace; 48, Porchester Terrace (with Messrs. Giffard, Robertson and Lucy); and 6, Sussex Square (with Messrs. F. R. Hadsley); and they acted for the purchaser of 17, Cleveland Gardens. This month they will offer No. 7, Bury Street, Chelsea, freehold, and the owner has recently spent a large sum on modernisation. They report the sale of Nos. 20 and 24, Cambridge Street; and No. 46, Cleveland Square, on the north side of the Park; and Nos. 31 and 33, Peel Street, Camden Hill; five freeholds in Tryon Street, Chelsea; the studio residence, No. 49, Glebe Place; the freeholds, Nos. 5, Clareville Grove and 34, Edwards Square; the leasehold residence, No. 13, Lancaster Gate Terrace; and Vache Lodge, Chalfont St. Giles.

Jointly, Messrs. James Styles and Whitlock have sold Lexden, adjoining Warlingham golf course, with Messrs. F. L. Mercer and Co. It is a modern house and about 3 acres.

ARBITER.

A LIGHT CITY BUILDING

THE first impression given by the façade of the Commercial Union Assurance's new quarters, designed by Mr. Maurice Webb, of Sir Aston Webb and Son, is that the interior must be light and open. When a tour of the building has been made, the abundance of daylight on every floor remains as the abiding memory. Indeed, the architect from the first set himself to achieve this most desirable but, in the City, most difficult object, and the design of the Cornhill front is largely a natural expression of it. In the modern architecture of Germany the same aim has produced some astonishing experiments in structure, and in London a good many buildings exemplify the principle of a glass and metal filling between structural uprights which are generally disguised as colossal columns. This façade may be said to strike the mean between the two methods of design. It combines the maximum of window space with a graceful humanist framework which neither apes the Parthenon nor arrogantly proclaims its modernity.

The reason for the rebuilding was the collapse of one end of the old premises into the hole dug for the new Lloyd's Bank headquarters next door—a disaster, fortunately, attended with no loss of life—that occurred in August, 1927. The directors decided to rebuild on learning from Mr. Webb, after his preliminary survey, the eye-opening fact that no less than one-fifth of the ground floor area of the old building was taken up with brickwork. Where every square foot of land is worth something prodigious, this wastage represented so much dead loss. In the new plan the area of the party walls is negligible, for each floor has been treated as a single open hall cross-lit by continuous tall windows. The way in which Mr. Webb has simplified the plan is the first thing that the visitor notices when entering the lofty columned vestibule, for thence he overlooks, as from a terrace, the whole ground floor space dedicated to the "City Branch Office." This effect has been contrived by sinking the main ground floor some four feet below ground level, by which means the windows have been developed to the full height possible, while at the same time

they have been kept well above the floor, so that the space is flooded with daylight in spite of the narrowness of the lanes outside.

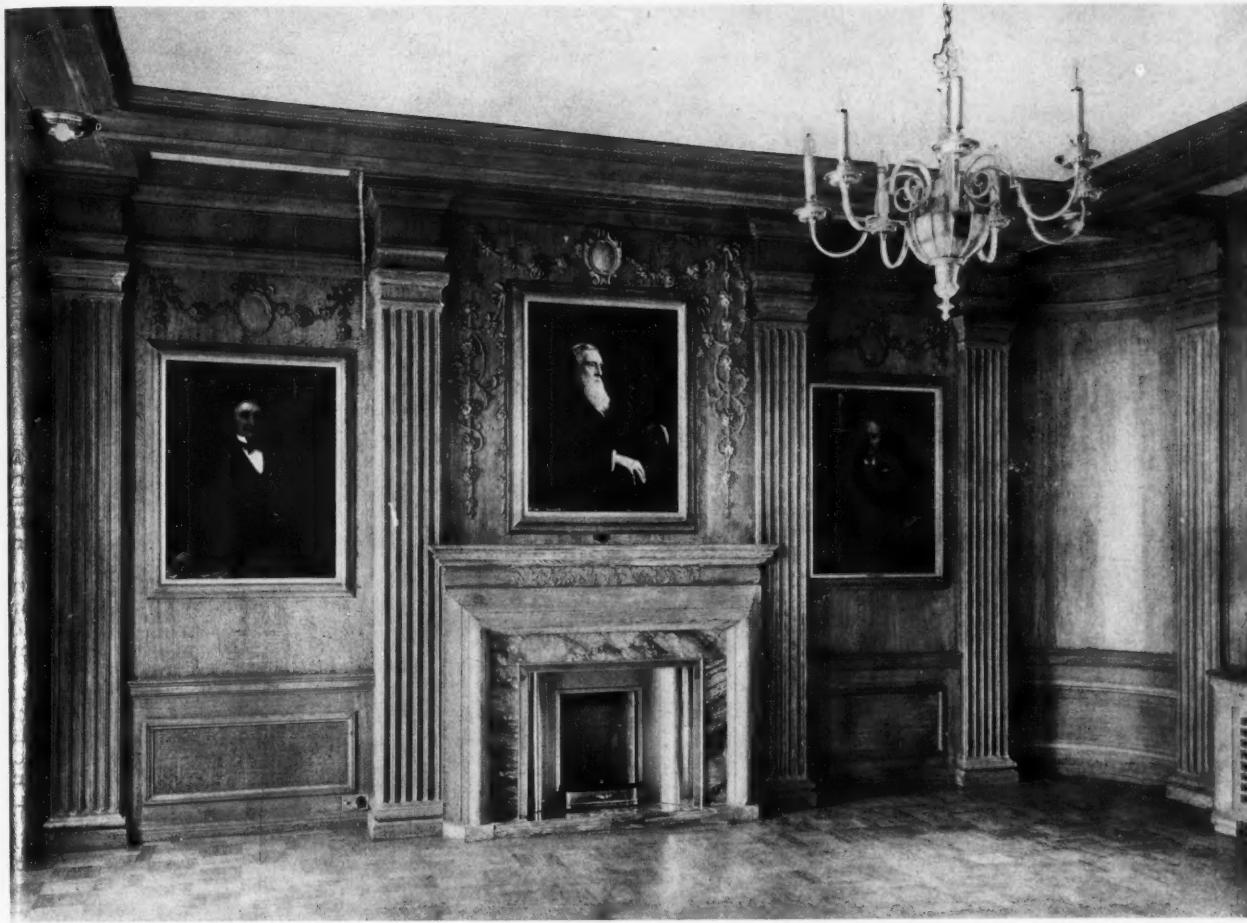
A prominent feature of the entrance is the exquisitely modelled bronzerowork of the doors, a detail of which is seen in the illustration. Both the cast bronze and the cast glass inset panels are the work of Mr. Walter Gilbert, who was largely responsible, under Sir Aston Webb, for the bronze details of the gates of Buckingham Palace. He also carved the figure of Prudence that surmounts the pediment.

The four upper floors are similar to, and as efficient as, the ground floor. Above that, however, where the building diminishes in depth, are accommodated the directors' rooms and officers' luncheon room. These are panelled in English oak, with carved enrichments by Mr. Lawrence Turner, and the architect has succeeded in making them rich while successfully avoiding tiresome official splendour. The managerial and secretarial rooms, while simpler, have no less thoughtfully designed details, such as the admirably designed chimneypiece illustrated. These decorative rooms in the attics must, however, be dismissed in fewer words than they deserve, so as to leave room for an allusion to the opposite extreme—the ceaselessly working machinery in the third and fourth basements—as beautiful, in its vermilion-painted mechanical perfection, as anything in the building.

This apparatus is the Electric Thermal Storage heating system, installed by Messrs. Sulzer, and it comes as near to magic as radio. Down a steel ladder in the "boiler-room"—which is as spick and span as the engine-room of a ship, but cool and airy—I met a smartly dressed gentleman whom I took to be a general manager at the least. He proved to be the engineer-stoker-electrician-plumber, who, all by himself, works the heating of this great building. On a great switchboard he can, by pressing a button, read the temperature not only of any room, but of the outside air. The water is heated by this system at night, when current is cheap, and stored for use next day in huge insulated containers holding 15,000 gallons. The



THE COMMERCIAL UNION ASSURANCE,
CORNHILL FRONT.
Maurice Webb (Sir Aston Webb and Son), Architect.



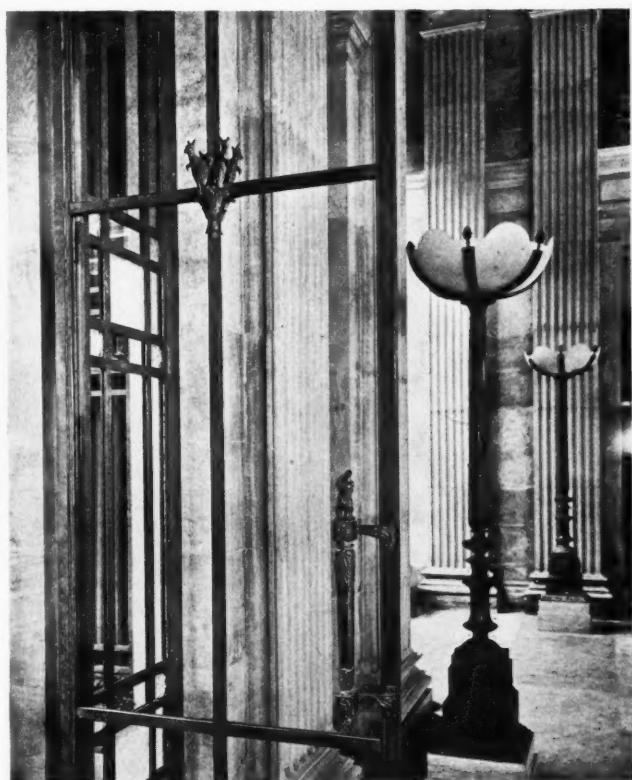
THE DIRECTORS' DINING-ROOM.
English oak, inset portraits, and Siena marble fireplace surround.

heaters consist of vertical cylinders in which are inserted the electrodes. When the water is heated to the required temperature the current is automatically diminished and finally shut off, so that there is no danger of its being over-heated even if unattended.

The same smooth-running efficiency that characterises plan, engine-room, working floors and architecture, animated the erection of the building by Messrs. Trollope and Colls. The

preliminary excavations made by Messrs. Holland, Hannen and Cubitts were handed over on November 19th, 1928, and the builders contracted to complete the entire work, including fitments, in twelve months. The keys were handed over by Messrs. Trollope and Colls to the directors on November 10th, 1929. Even in this age of perfectly organised building, there has been no instance of a vast and intricate operation executed more expeditiously and more punctually.

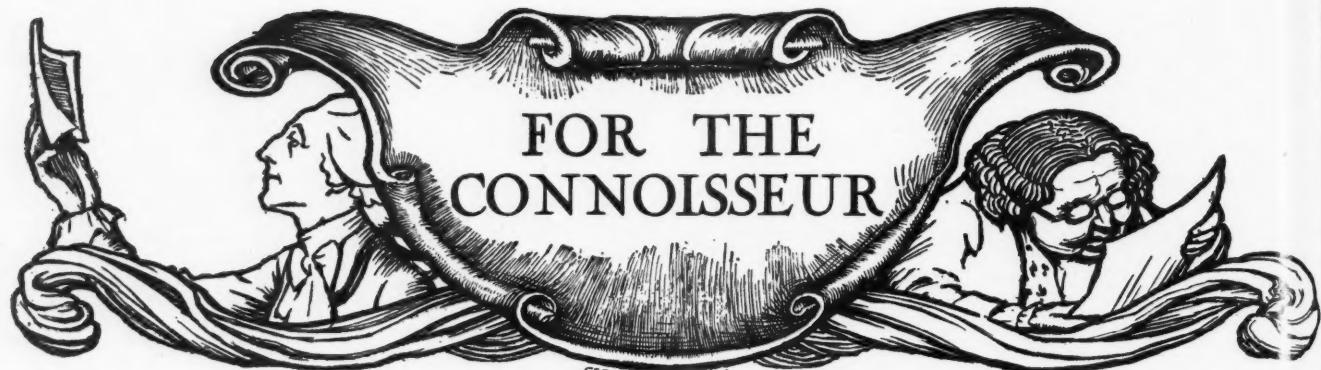
C. H.



THE ENTRANCE HALL.
Bronze doors by Walter Gilbert.



FIREPLACE IN A MANAGER'S ROOM.
Simple but distinctive.



HAROLD YOUNGMAN'S WOOD STATUES

PERHAPS the best way to describe a work of art is to endeavour to put into words the thoughts and feelings evoked on seeing it for the first time. Mr. Harold Youngman's exhibits at the Festival of English Church Art at Caxton Hall gave the impression that here indeed was one who was in deep earnest over his work, that he chose his subjects from conviction and, having chosen, threw himself into them, living in his innermost being the historical, mythical or legendary events he depicts. These events and feelings he has the power to transmit from the point of his chisel to the absorbent wood, for Mr. Youngman appears to have found in the responsiveness of timber the medium best suited to his inspiration. In a statuette measuring about eighteen inches (centre), two hands in vertical position first caught the eye, an upraised left palm and the tips of the fingers of another hand touching its centre; instantly the eye flew to the bowed head, and the onlooker for the time could but partake in the shame, the horror of the one "called Didymus" in the overwhelming surprise of a great emotion, the realisation of the Truth.

There is no need here for catalogue or label; the carving tells its own story as in those earlier days when art was to appeal to the unlettered folk and touch their hearts. The half-nude, abandoned figure gently supported by the Christ is simplified in its anatomy to the essentials, and those essentials make you feel the figure is living. There is in the carving the restraint

of the hand that knows but refrains from emphasising. The reticence of wisdom compared with the dumbness of ignorance. Yet the interest has been centred on Thomas and his shame more than on the Christ, as in this case seems fit. The figure of the Saviour is treated with an aloofness and dignity needing no explanation or detail.

All this one feels as one looks at the little block of wood, and at the same time one realises the truth of the statement that a work of art must always have a point of escape, that point where the beholder is no longer tied to that which he sees before him, but where he has been called upon to make his own contribution to what the artist has intended. The true artist leads thought on, no matter what medium he may work through, be it stone, wood, letters, colour, sound or silks. The work in which this quality is lacking, that calls forth no contribution from the beholder, that is complete in itself and in which every detail is marked and emphasised—is dead. You cannot pierce the veil and penetrate there where art should lead you.

Of "Ishmael" there is less to say of feelings and emotion. With some works of art—and Ishmael is a work of art—their appeal is indirect; they belong, as it were, to a company from whom they are inseparable and whose presence makes itself felt. In standing before the important life-size carving of the desert youth (left and right) the figure of the Shékh-al-Balad immediately came to one's mind.



Left and right: "ISHMAEL," FRONT VIEW AND HALF FACE. Centre: "CHRIST AND DIDYMUS."



THE GARDEN

ICELAND POPPIES

ICELAND poppies are among the most beautiful and useful of all the many and varied types which comprise the large family of poppies. They come into bloom at a time when flowers are scarce, when spring flowers have waned and when summer flowers are only just beginning. The original Iceland poppies (*Papaver nudicaule*), with their familiar white, orange and yellow blooms, have been valued for many years mainly for their cut flowers, but they are by no means to be despised as subjects for the hardy flower border owing to their brightness, dainty habit and lengthy period of flowering.

Of late years a number of different strains have been introduced. The Sunbeam strain of Iceland poppies was a decided improvement on the original type, being larger-flowered, stronger growing and producing longer stems. More recently I have noted a type which might best be described as an improved Sunbeam, namely, the Barton Mills strain, even larger in bloom and with exceedingly long, stout stems. The colours, too, are a little more varied, although white, orange and yellow predominate. Attempts have been made to obtain a much wider colour range, and there are new types of Iceland poppy similar in habit to the original, but giving a large proportion of attractive art shades, the best known being the Excelsior strain. All the above are singles, and although seed of double white, orange and yellow Iceland poppies may be procured, they are not truly double and, in some respects, they lose the lightness and daintiness which is one of the most valuable characteristics of the class.

An Iceland poppy which originated in Australia and quickly found many admirers here was Coonara Pink. One has yet to see a strain of this which comes really true to the pink colour, but the many exquisite new tints it embraces have probably enhanced, rather than detracted from, its popularity. All shades of pink, salmon-pink, biscuit, lemon, old gold and

saffron are to be found, and there could be no more harmonious shades for grouping together. The Iceland poppies shown in the accompanying illustration are a novelty of this year, called Unwins' Giant Coonara. A fine group of these was recently shown at the Royal Horticultural Hall, where they were much admired. They combine the best qualities of Coonara with the size and vigour of the Barton Mills strain. The strain combines stamina with size of bloom and length of stem without any loss of grace. The colours closely resemble the Coonara poppies, and they possess the attractive waved and crimped petals of Coonara. This strain undoubtedly is one of the finest which have been produced, combining a wide and charming colour range with a sturdy growth, two qualities which have hitherto been separated in other strains.

Their cultural requirements are simple. For the best results Iceland poppies should be sown during June or July for blooming the following spring and summer. The seed is very small, and should be sown almost on the surface of a well prepared seed bed outdoors or in boxes in a cold frame. Care must be taken in either case to see that the soil does not become too dry during germination. The boxes may be covered with sheets of paper or glass, and outdoors, frequent watering in the evening with a very fine rose is usually necessary. The seedlings should be thinned out, kept free from weeds and transplanted firmly to their flowering quarters as early in the autumn as possible, so that their roots may become well established before winter. Failures can usually be traced to late sowing and late transplanting. While Iceland poppies will grow in almost any position and on any soil, a sunny situation is certainly best. The site should be well manured before transplanting with good well decayed horse or other animal manure, and a liberal dressing of bone meal should be given in addition. The plants seem to resent top dressings of artificial manure during the growing period, and whatever nourishment



THE GIANT COONARA STRAIN OF ICELAND POPPIES OF VIGOROUS GROWTH, AND POSSESSING A WIDE RANGE OF ATTRACTIVE SHADES.

is given must be applied when preparing the ground. Apart from frequent shallow hoeings during the early spring to aerate the soil and keep down weeds, no other attention is needed beyond picking the flowers to prolong the flowering period.

The popularity of the Iceland class of poppies would, no doubt, be greatly extended if it were generally known how to treat them as cut flowers. Far too often one hears complaints that they do not "last" in water. They will, however, remain fresh and beautiful for several days if the following procedure is adopted: Pick the blooms in the bud stage in the late evening,

taking buds which are just ready to burst open—these are the ones which stand perfectly upright. Until almost the actual time of opening, the top part of the flower stem is bent over. Then, after picking, immerse the ends of the stems about half an inch in boiling water for a few seconds, plunging them immediately afterwards into cold water. The following morning, if placed in a sunny window or greenhouse, all the buds will open rapidly and the flowers will not droop and will last in good condition for several days, providing a table decoration that is both unique and attractive.

PAPAVER.

FLOWER GARDEN NOTES

AN INVALUABLE BORDER PLANT.

FROM their nurseries at Langport Messrs. Kelway recently sent us a collection of their fine varieties of pyrethrums. One of the most outstanding of their latest novelties is the handsome Eileen Kelway, a really magnificent flower of enormous size and of a glorious rich pink. The colouring is similar to the attractive Eileen May Robinson, but the flowers are larger and more fully petalled. The blooms are of excellent form, and it is evident from the length of the stems that it is a variety of substance and vigour. Among the other singles the fiery crimson-scarlet James William Kelway is another of distinct merit; the early-flowering lilac white Lady Astor; the pure white and fully petalled White Lady, which resembles a miniature chrysanthemum; and the striking carmine red Langport Scarlet, probably the most brilliant of all pyrethrums and a plant that will provide a most striking effect when massed in the front rank of the border. Of the double varieties, Queen Mary, which is still the most beautiful pink double, the fine pale primrose yellow Pericles, of good form and substance, the beautiful pure white Carl Vogt, with splendid and well formed blooms, and the deep crimson red Lord Rosebery are the best in their respective shades. Pyrethrums are invaluable for massing in the front of the border for an early summer display in company with lupins, delphiniums and irises. There, the better and the newer productions, such as several of those I have mentioned, should find a place, while the older kinds, many of which are most attractive, should be grown in quantity in a reserve border to provide a supply of flowers for cutting, for there are no better flowers for the purpose of interior decoration during late May and early June. A well drained and deeply dug soil enriched with manure will give the best plants, and to ensure a good flowering display apply an occasional dressing of liquid manure water during the growing season. The varieties I have described are some of the best of Messrs. Kelway's introductions, but they have many other fine things to their credit, and their catalogue of pyrethrums should be consulted before a choice is made this coming autumn. There is a wide range of shades both among singles and doubles, and the keen gardener will have no difficulty in making a selection to fit in with his border colour scheme. The pyrethrum is a plant which the small as well as the large gardener will find indispensable to his summer display, and it is worth while studying such a useful and extensive descriptive list as that issued by Messrs. Kelways before making out the autumn plant order.

A USEFUL NEW PINK.

AT a recent meeting of the Royal Horticultural Society, Mr. R. C. Notcutt, of The Nurseries, Woodbridge, Suffolk, showed a most attractive and useful new pink that, unless I am much mistaken, is destined to have a great future. It possesses all the qualities of a first-rate garden plant and is certainly one of the best of its race to date. It is of neat cushion growth and quite dwarf, but upstanding in habit which singles it out at once from its close relatives, all of which have the fault, some more so than others, of becoming too lanky and straggly in growth and untidy in habit. This new pink originated a year or two ago as a chance seedling in the garden of Mr. John Gray, where its merits were immediately recognised by Mr. Notcutt, to whom we owe its introduction. In Mr. Gray's garden it has proved itself to be an excellent edging plant which can be depended upon to take care of itself and never becomes untidy in its appearance. It is a beautiful miniature, resembling in many respects *Dianthus alpinus*, making spreading cushions of silvery grey which are studded with a profusion of solitary, large and rounded fringed blossoms some 1½ in. across, of a deep mauve pink with a well marked carmine crimson ring which provides an effective and striking contrast. The plants are only some four to five inches in height and very free in flower, and the growth is so firm and dense when the plants are allowed to spread and form a broad ribbon edging that one can walk over it like a carpet of heath. Here, then, is a pink which requires no attention and may be left to take perfect care of itself, safe

in the knowledge that it will never usurp its position. For edging purposes and for drift planting in the rock garden, where it will provide sheets of glowing colour, it will be invaluable. It is doubtful if it will come true from seed, but I see little reason why it should not, and it would be interesting to raise further plants from seed to see whether the dwarf habit was fixed. Meantime the stock is by no means plentiful, but it is being distributed by Mr. Notcutt this autumn. It is a most useful and interesting find, a garden plant of real merit and value and one that the modern garden owner will appreciate in that it is a plant that looks after itself and remains prim and always well groomed. T.

ORCHIDS FOR AMATEURS.

AS a writer on greenhouse plants Mr. T. W. Briscoe is well known, and anything from his pen is to be welcomed. His recently published book, *Orchids for Amateurs*, by T. W. Briscoe (W. H. and L. Collingridge, London, E.C., 5s. net), is a remarkably good volume on the subject, impressive alike for its masterly handling of the practical details of cultivation and the descriptions of the many members of the genus, and for the simple and straightforward style in which the facts are presented. Although primarily a book for the beginner in orchid growing, the expert cultivator will find much of interest and value in its pages. The author writes with considerable ability and a thorough knowledge of his subject. The information, both cultural and descriptive, is the outcome of many years of practical experience in growing the plants at home and in studying many of them in their native habitats. The book also possesses the virtue of simplicity in treatment, so that the amateur may easily follow all the essential details that make for success. Part I deals with the housing and management of the plants, and treats of cultivation, propagation, hybridising, insect pests and diseases, and the growing of the plants for exhibition. In the second part follow the descriptions of the different families, species and varieties, concluding with selected lists of species which will prove suitable for growing under certain conditions. These lists the beginner will find most helpful. There are several excellent plates showing the different genera and species, and many illustrations in line which serve to emphasise important points in the text. It is a readable book, almost every page showing evidence of a clear insight and knowledge of the subject presented lucidly and concisely, and we have no hesitation in recommending it both to the expert amateur grower who may wish to extend his collection and to the beginner.

GARDEN DESIGN.

THE first issue of a new quarterly journal, *Garden Design*, edited by Mr. Percy S. Cane (The Fountain Press, Limited, London, E.C.4, 2s. 6d. quarterly), has recently made its appearance. It is a well printed production of some forty-five pages with many excellent illustrations of plants and gardens, together with a few plans of gardens and planting schemes. It is difficult to see, however, the exact place such a journal will fill, for there is little that is new in the first number, and most of the ground is already covered in other gardening journals and books. Many of the articles are purely descriptive of certain plants and their cultivation. If *Garden Design* is to live up to its title, and establish a position for itself, more of its pages must be devoted to the theory and practice of design, and doubtless in future numbers more attention will be given to this aspect of the subject, and in this way make the journal of real value and service to garden owners.

THE gardens of Aldenham House will be open to the public, by kind permission of the Hon. Vicary Gibbs, on the Saturdays of July, August and September, and on August Bank Holiday, Saturday, July 19th, is excepted, being the date allotted to the Elstree Horticultural Society for the annual floral fete, when admission is gained by payment at the gates or by ticket.

The gardens at Holland House, Kensington Road, will be open to the public by permission of Mary, Countess of Ilchester, on Saturdays, July 5th and 12th, from 2 until 8. A charge of 1s. will be made at the gate in aid of the West London Hospital.



DIANTHUS LITTLE JOCK, A FINE NEW DWARF PINK WHICH MAKES AN EXCELLENT EDGING PLANT.